

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

NIGHTMARE

47364
NO 8
AUGUST
1972
60c



TM

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

TUNNELS
OF
HORROR!

INCREDIBLE MIND-BENDING
FANTASIES OF FEAR!

"ANDRAS!"

THE GRAND MARQUIS OF HELL!



Known as the foul despot ANDRAS... Lucifer's evil servant and marquis of the underworld appears to man as having the body of an ANGEL and the head of a WOOD OWL... riding a BLACK WOLF and carrying in his hand a pointed, deadly SABER. Commanding thirty of Satan's mad legions of undead soldiers he teaches those whom he favors to kill their enemies and masters alike... creating havoc and dissension upon his hapless victims...

PABLO
MARCES

NIGHTMARE

VOL.1 NO. 8

AUGUST 1972

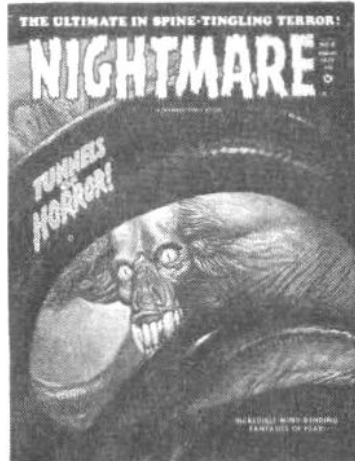
Publishers: ISRAEL WALDMAN & SOL BRODSKY

Editor: SOL BRODSKY Assoc. Editor: AL HEWETSON

Business Manager: HERSCHEL WALDMAN

FEATURING THESE SPINE-TINGLING ILLUSTRATED TALES OF TERROR

- 4—**SNOW-BOUND** — Locked in death's icy grip in the bizarre Antarctic, nine men live from moment to moment fearing the inevitable frozen death that surely awaits them when **STARVATION** comes-a-callin'!
- 10—**HEY CREEP: PLAY THE MACABRE WALTZ** — The mad violinist who rips into your soul with **BLOOD ROCK** that grips you . . . taunts you . . . mocks you . . . with every shriek of his tormented strings!
- 20—**ROT, ROBIN, ROT** — Remember Jolly Friar Tuck . . . Man-Goliath Little John . . . Beautiful Maid Marion . . . and the strapping Robin Hood? 700 years later they're still loitering around Sherwood Forest . . . just **ROTTING**!
- 23—**NIGHTMARE** cover story . . . **THE TUNNELS OF HORROR** — You've heard of the sewers of **PARIS** . . . but have you never heard of the sewers of **NEW YORK**? Beneath this mammoth city uncountable things lurk awaiting their chance to **EMERGE**!
- 31—**SATAN'S GRAVEYARD** — Every man who believes in heaven must also believe in **HELL** . . . for Scarlyn Friedrich that is a tremendous burden to carry on his shoulders . . . shoulders which are sadly **DEFORMED**!
- 38—**TALES FROM THE CRYPT** — **NIGHTMARE'S** **MOVIE REVIEW COLUMN** makes its dynamic debut in a graphic glance at the great new horror movie which critics are calling a **CLASSIC MASTERPIECE**!
- 42—**HUNG UP** — A twisted, grotesque, puppet-like form hovers over the crumpled, ruptured remains of a **WOMAN** . . . a woman once lithe and beautiful . . . whose lust for life was handicapped by a **MARRIAGE VOW**!
- 54—**THE STING OF DEATH** — Ah . . . sweet mystery of **LIFE** . . . and **DEATH**! Ever wonder what unspeakable snarling thoughts occur to you at the moment of **DOOM**? And what uncanny scheme bedevils you **AFTER**?
- 60—**THE WEIRD AND THE UNDEAD** — The Madison Avenue Mind gets it all together to figure out the meaning of life and death and finally figures out that **ENDLESS INFINITY** isn't so **UNreal** at all!



Our **COVER STORY** this issue . . .
THE TUNNELS OF HORROR, a tale of the macabre!



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A sad scene from **SATAN'S GRAVEYARD**, a tale to tear at your heart strings . . .

LOCKED IN THE **DEATH-GRIP** OF THE **ANTARCTIC** ICEFIELDS, A **DOOMED** SQUARE-RIGGER AND HER CREW AWAIT THE **INEVITABLE!** THE SNOWS NEVER ABATE.... THE ICE SHOWS NO SIGN OF MELTING. THROUGHOUT THE VESSEL, **MALNUTRITION** REIGNS SUPREME AS IT TOYS WITH MEN TURNED PAWNS OF NATURE! THE AIR IS PACKED WITH FURIOUS, BITING WINDS...WHILE THE ATMOSPHERE BENEATH DECKS IS SOLEMN, PUNCTUATED ONLY NOW AND THEN BY THE DEATH-MOANS OF THE DYING HULK! **BUT STILL, THERE ARE YET OTHER SOUNDS.....**

SNOW- BOUND!

THE DOGS!!
HURRY!!!



...HE'S
MAD!!!

THE HUNGER THAT SWELLS THE STOMACH, BRINGS A GLOW TO THE EYES WHEN A MEAL IS PUT BEFORE THEM! IT IS AN UNEXPECTED **PASSION** THAT BRINGS SALIVA FLOODING THE MOUTH... FOR, THE NEXT DOG WAS NOT TO BE KILLED FOR TWO MORE DAYS!!

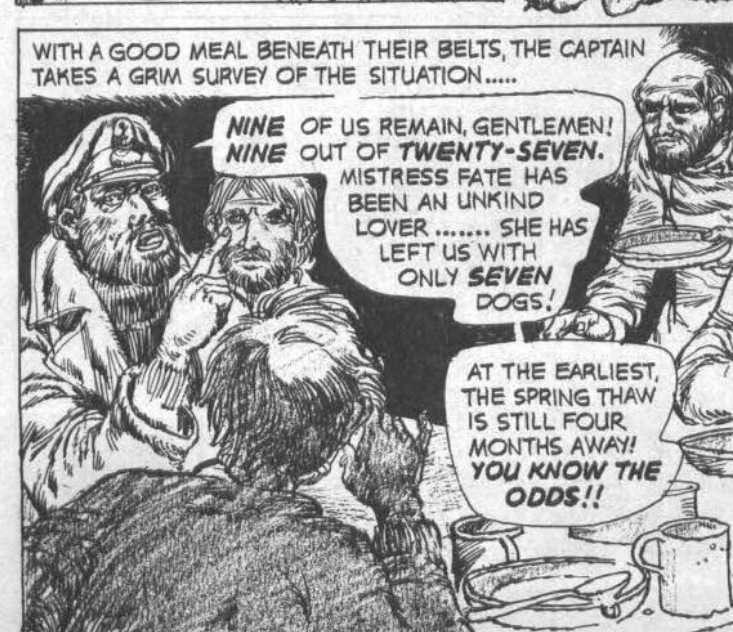
FIX 'EM UP GOOD,
COOKIE!!

FOOD!!!
FOOD!!!



Script by: ED FEDORY • Art by: DELA ROSA

DELA
ROSA



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER AVENUE OF PRESERVATION IS BEING TROD...



YAAAAIEEE.. MUF... MUFF!!!

ALL COULDN'T LAST TILL THE THAW! SOME MUST DIE, SO THE MAJORITY WILL LIVE!!

YOU HAD NO WIFE AND CHILD! ... IT IS ONLY JUSTICE!!!



HE'S DEAD! MURDERED!

YOU MEN, GET SOME SAIL-CLOTH! WE'LL HAVE TO BURY HIM WITH THE OTHERS!!!



SOON, AS THE FROZEN CORPSE IS LOWERED TO AN AWAITING SLEDGE...

THAT'S IT, BOYS! EASY.... EASY....



WELL THAT'S SEVEN DOGS TO EIGHT MEN!

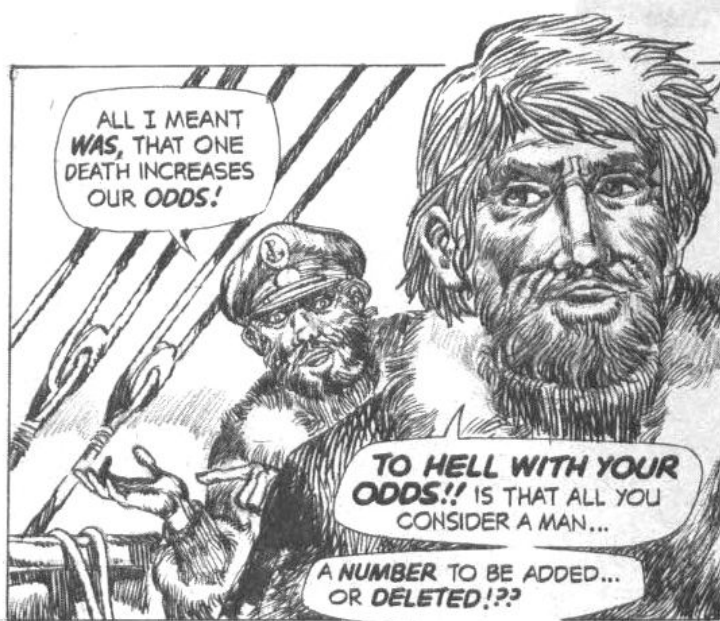
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT WE NEEDED....

... SOME WEEDING OF THE RANKS!!



HAVE YOU GONE MAD!! WE ARE CIVILIZED, MAN.... CIVILIZED!!!

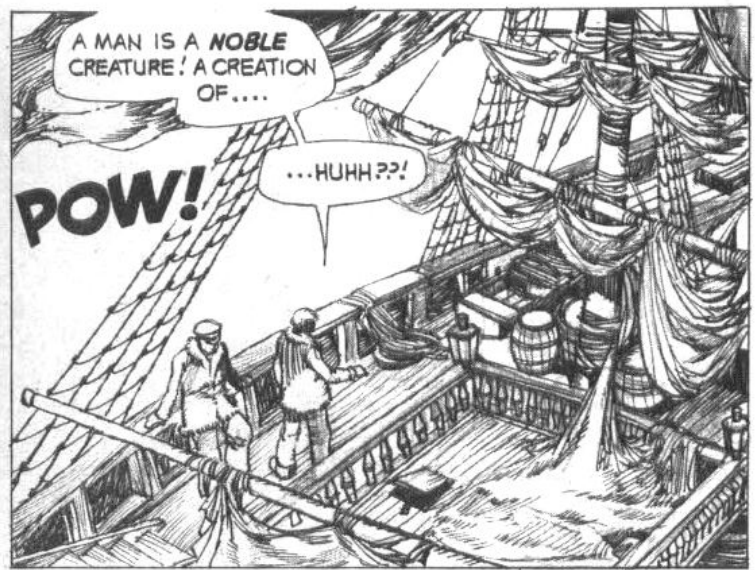
THAT SOME SHOULD DIE, IS FATE! BUT, MURDER..... NEVER!!!



ALL I MEANT
WAS, THAT ONE
DEATH INCREASES
OUR **ODDS!**

**TO HELL WITH YOUR
ODDS!!** IS THAT ALL YOU
CONSIDER A MAN...

A NUMBER TO BE ADDED...
OR DELETED!??

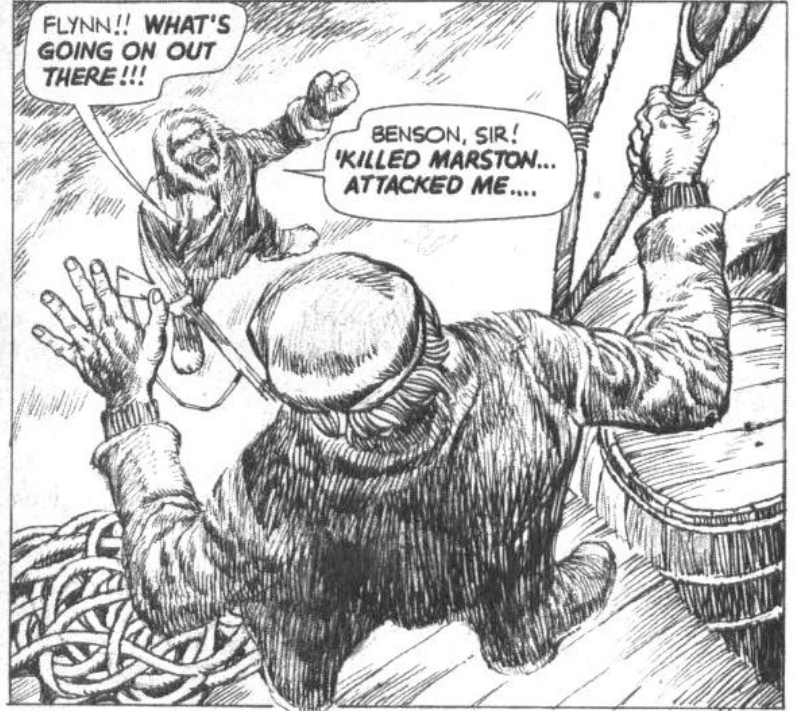


A MAN IS A **NOBLE**
CREATURE! A CREATION
OF....

...HUHH??!

POW!

AS THE STACCATO BLASTS STILL ECHO
IN THE CRISP ANTARCTIC AIR



**FLYNN!! WHAT'S
GOING ON OUT
THERE!!!**

**BENSON, SIR!
'KILLED MARSTON...
ATTACKED ME...**



... I WAS
FORCED TO KILL
HIM!! HE JUST
WENT MAD ... IT
WAS ME OR HIM,
SIR!!



HE'S LYIN' CAP'N'... LYIN'!!
BENSON WAS A GOOD MAN!
I'D SHIP WITH HIM TO HELL
AND BEYOND IF I HAD
TO!!

ABOARD THIS SHIP,
I AM JUSTICE! I AM
THE LAW!! I SHALL
DECIDE, AND PASS
JUDGMENT!!

FLYNN'S THE MURDERER!!
LET HIM PAY THE PRICE!!!



THERE IS BUT
ONE JUSTICE
FOR HIS
LOT!!...



FOOL!!
ARE YOU
MAD??!

...DEATH!!!!

NNOOO!!!



WITH GRIM ACCURACY THE HARPOON FINDS IT'S FLESHY
MARK!!

AAAAIEEEEE!!!



NO, CAP'N!! HE KILLED
M'BEST FRIEND! HE KILLED
BENSON!! I COULDN'T LET
HIM LIE LIKE THAT!!

HE HAD TO
DIE, CAP'N!! HE
HAD TO.....



A PISTOL SHOT BARKS
JUSTICE, BUT, IT IS A
VOICE THAT IS DOOMED
TO FALL ON UNHEARING
EARS!!

THE DEAD WERE BURIED, AND THE MADNESS OF PAST DAYS, WAS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN. ANOTHER SLED DOG WAS KILLED AND EATEN... THE FUTURE LOOKED BRIGHTER... THERE WERE OCCASIONAL SMILES PASSED... LAUGHTER WAS NOT UNKNOWN AMONG THE FOUR MEN... UNTIL...



LATER, A FATIGUED FIGURE SITS, AND PENS HIS FINDINGS IN AN OLD DOG-EARED JOURNAL.....



SUDDENLY...

HUH?!!

SO, THIS MADNESS
CONTINUES!!

CRASH!!

ONLY ONE MAN
WILL THEY FIND IN
THE SPRING....
ME!!!

THERE WILL BE NO
SURVIVORS! CAN'T YOU SEE,
FOOL? HA HA HAAAA NO, YOU
CAN'T!! WE'RE INFECTED.... OUR
BODIES... OUR MINDS!!

THE OTHERS
DIED IN THE
INITIAL STAGES
OF THE DISEASE,
BUT WE'LL GO THROUGH THE
AGONIES OF HELL BEFORE IT
ALLOWS US DEATH!!

GO AHEAD!!!
KILL....
KILL.....

KILL! KILL! HA HA HAAAA!!

HA HA HAAAA!! THE
DOGS, YOU FOOL.....
THE DOGS.....
HA HA HAAAA!!!!

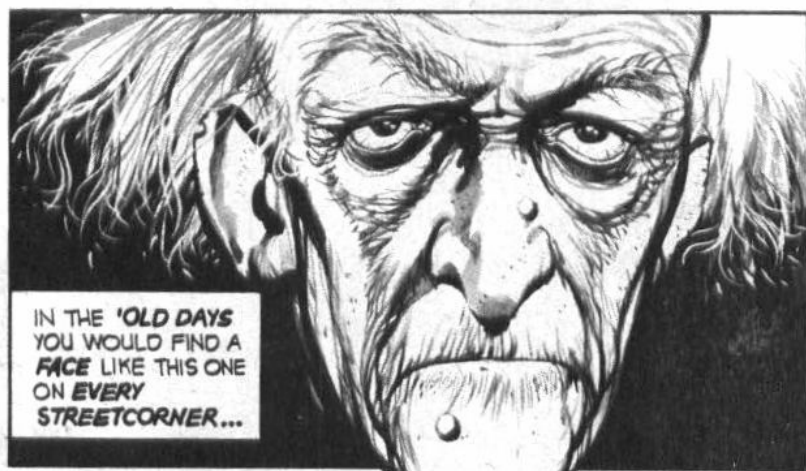
AS THE **DEATHLY LAUGHTER** STILL ECHOS FROM THE WALLS.....



THE ONCE SITTING FIGURE, NOW **SLUMPS!** **LIFE - BLOOD, CRIMSON AND FLUID... FALLS...** ONLY TO BECOME A **CAKED MASS** ON THE OAKEN DECKING!

HIS **DISCOVERY...** THE **ORIGIN OF DEMONIC MADNESS...** LIES SEALED BEHIND DRYING, **BLANCHED LIPS.....** DOOMED NEVER TO SPEAK OF IDEAS, MORTAL IN DESIGN!!





IN THE 'OLD DAYS
YOU WOULD FIND A
FACE LIKE THIS ONE
ON EVERY
STREETCORNER...



NOWADAYS
YOU SEE ONLY A
FEW FACES LIKE
THIS -- WORN --
AGED -- **DESPERATE**...

SOMETIMES YOU THINK -- YOU WONDER --
WHAT LIES **BEHIND** SUCH A FACE --
WHAT WEIRD, **MACABRE MEMORIES**
IT HIDES...



THIS TALE IS ABOUT
EXACTLY **THAT** -- A MEMORY --
A **SAD** MEMORY THIS MAD
MAESTRO OF THE STREETS
MIGHT LONG AGO HAVE
FORGOTTEN...



WHATEVER THE STRANGE **TRUTH** OF IT
MAY BE -- WE **DO** KNOW **ONE THING** --
HE NO LONGER ACTS WITH A **MIND** --
NOW HIS EVERY THOUGHT -- HIS EVERY
ACTION... IS **INSTINCT!**

-- SO STARTS OUR TALE OF THE MAD
MAESTRO...

HEY CREEP: PLAY THE MACABRE WALTZ

'WAS I THEN A MONSTER, A BLOT UPON THE
EARTH, FROM WHICH ALL MEN FLED, AND
WHOM ALL MEN DISOWNED?'



PLAY FOR US
LITTLE MAN -- WE
CAN USE A GOOD
LAUGH -- OUR PARTY
TONIGHT WAS A
MISERABLE FLOP...

WELL I'VE TRIED -- I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH HIM -- HE
WON'T PLAY FOR **ME** -- YOU
TRY **HARKER**...



LOOK HERE --
I COULDN'T REALLY CARE
LESS ONE WAY OR THE
OTHER IF YOU PLAY OR
NOT -- BUT THE **LADY**
HERE WANTS TO HEAR
YOU **MAESTRO**...

OH I **KNOW**--
IT'S **MONEY**-- YOU WANT SOME
MONEY DON'T YOU -- WELL HERE'S
2 BUCKS -- NOW PLAY YOUR **HEART**
OUT **OLD MAN**!

GEEZ -- THAT
ISN'T HALF
BAD...



YOU
DON'T SPEAK?

WHETHER YOU'RE **REALLY**
DUMB OR JUST **STRUCK** DUMB IS OF NO
CONCERN TO US -- COME NOW -- **PLAY!**



WILL YOU
LISTEN TO HIM --
THAT'S **BEAUTIFUL!**
HE MUST HAVE BEEN A
PROFESSIONAL
BEFORE -- BEFORE
THIS HAPPENED TO
HIM!

I DON'T CARE **WHAT**
HAPPENED TO HIM -- OR
WHAT HE **IS** -- HIS
MUSIC IS **OUTTA SIGHT!**

HARKER -- THIS IS
ONE WALTZ YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO WELCH ON --
COME ON... **DANCE**
WITH ME...



THE MAD MAESTRO PLAYS... AND PLAYS... AND PLAYS... AND HIS PATRONS DANCE -- **MAGICALLY** -- AS THEY'VE DANCED NEVER BEFORE...

NOT JUST **YOU** SWEET WOMAN -- THE **OTHERS** CAN'T STOP **EITHER** -- CAN'T STOP DANCING TO THE **MAD WALTZ** OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN WHO DOESN'T APPEAR TO SPEAK -- OR HEAR -- OR SEE!



WHAT'S WRONG -- I CAN'T STOP... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?

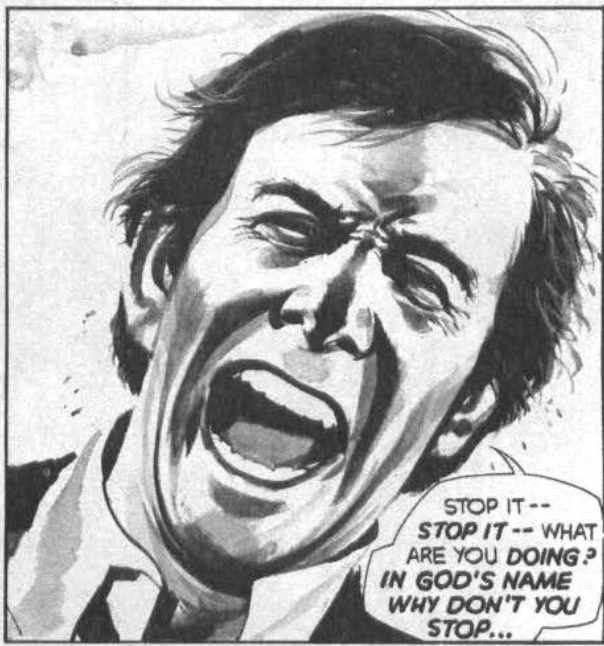
DEAR GOD -- IT'S A NIGHTMARE...

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS... THAT'S UNNATURAL...

STOP THE MUSIC -- STOP IT -- HEY CREEP -- STOP PLAYING...



OH THE ... PAIN... MY HEART... CAN'T TAKE THE STRAIN...



STOP IT -- STOP IT -- WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IN GOD'S NAME WHY DON'T YOU STOP...



HE'S SLOWING
DOWN -- LIKE HE'S
WINDING THE MUSIC
DOWN -- MAYBE
IT'LL STOP...

CHRIST -- WHAT'S HE
DOING -- THE MUSIC IS DRAGGING
TO A CRAWL -- WE CAN'T STOP
DANCING TO IT...



I CAN'T
BREATHE -- SO
SLOW -- MY BODY
FEELS LIKE IT'S
DRAGGING ALONG
THE GUTTER...



SPEED...
SPEED UP...
IN GOD'S
NAME
PLEEEASE!

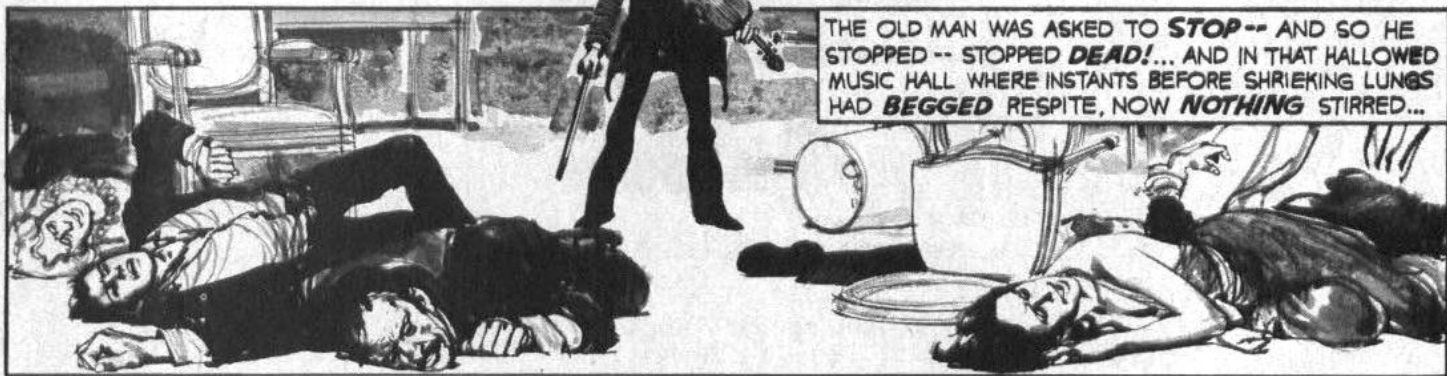


EEEEEA... AAAH... HHHHHH!



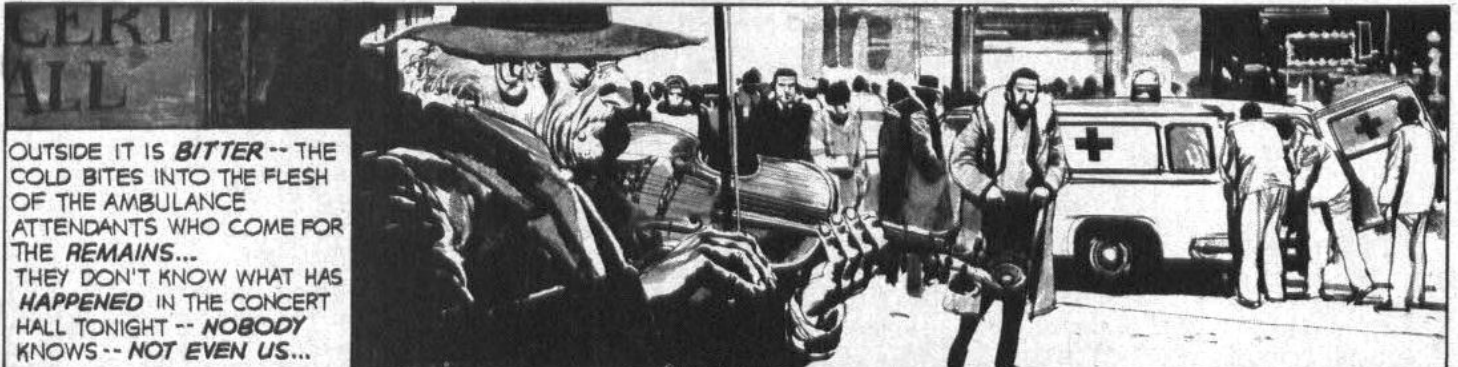
IT'S SO FAST --
HARKER... HELP ME --
SO FAST -- THIS IS
INSANE... INSANE!



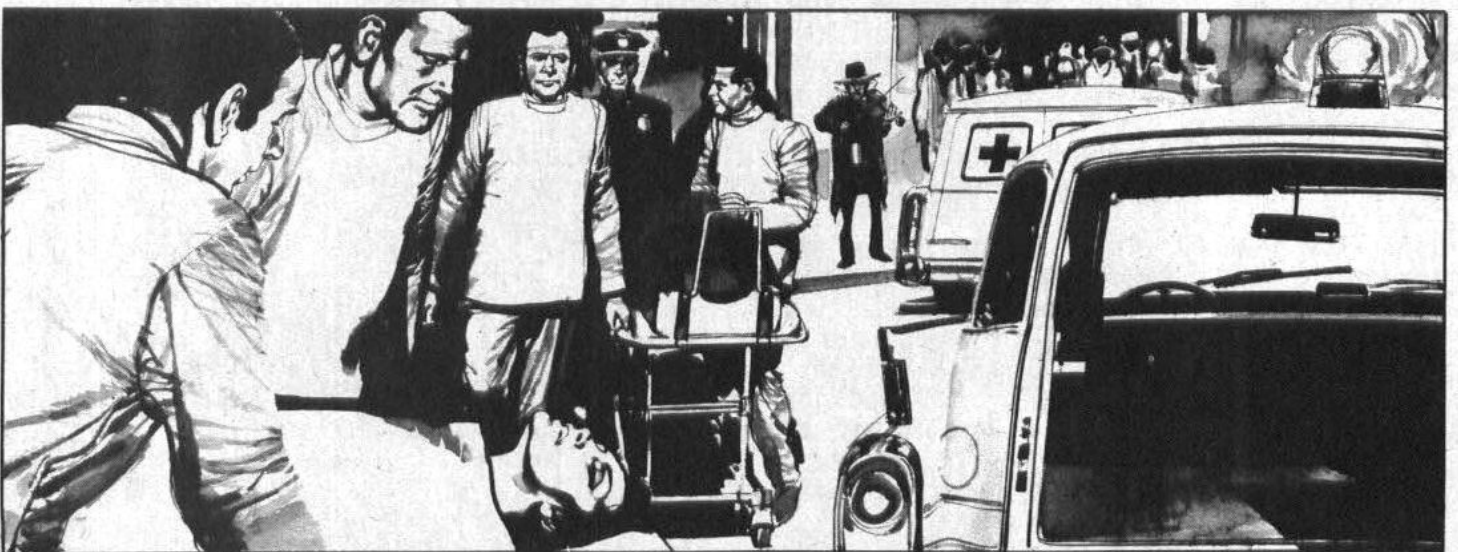


THE OLD MAN WAS ASKED TO **STOP--** AND SO HE STOPPED -- STOPPED **DEAD!...** AND IN THAT HALLOWED MUSIC HALL WHERE INSTANTS BEFORE SHRIEKING LUNGS HAD **BEGGED** RESPITE, NOW **NOTHING** STIRRED...

NOTHING--
NOT A
LUNG --
SAVE A
FEW **NERVE**
ENDS STILL
JERKING...
STILL
TWITCHING
ENDLESSLY...



OUTSIDE IT IS **BITTER--** THE COLD BITES INTO THE FLESH OF THE AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS WHO COME FOR THE **REMAINS...** THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HAS **HAPPENED** IN THE CONCERT HALL TONIGHT -- **NOBODY** KNOWS -- **NOT EVEN US...**



...THEY DON'T NOTICE HIM STILL STANDING... OBLIVIOUS TO THE GOINGS ON... STILL STANDING ON THE STREET CORNER FOR **PENNIES...** THE ANGRY LITTLE MARTIAN PLAYS ON -- FOR THE PENNIES OF THE EARTHLINGS -- PENNIES TO KEEP **ALIVE!** HE HAS NOT SAID A **WORD--** WELL, HE **CAN'T--** **MARTIANS CAN'T!** PERHAPS THAT'S WHY HE'S **ANGRY--** ANGRY AND **MAD** AT EACH AND EVERY EARTHLING ON THIS **DULL PLANET--** NONE OF WHOM WOULD GIVE HIM A DECENT **JOB--** A DECENT **LIVING** TO A WILLING-TO-WORK **DUMB SHIPWRECKED MARTIAN!**

MMMMH, YES -- MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE'S SUCH AN **ANGRY** LITTLE MAN!

-THE END-

NIGHTMARE'S NIGHTMAIL

Most of the letters you publish praise at great length (and rightly so) your stories and art... well I never was a conformist so I want to bring up an entirely different subject to praise... your covers, cause I think they should be praised.

I've compared the covers of NIGHTMARE 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 to all the other horror magazines on the market, and I think they're better by far.

Not idle flattery this, just to get my letter published — let me now prove my point! Is there a single fan out there who will disagree with me that since your first couple of issues your covers have improved about 400% in quality and subject matter? I doubt it! Well all the other magazines have clutzy cover art... like NIGHTMARE #2 for example which I thought was terrible.

Sure, once in a while the other magazines have a good cover (usually by one of your artists) — but it's rare. You have consistently good stories and art inside, and am I wrong in thinking that consistency is all-important in magazine publishing?

Walter Kurzon
Scranton, PA.

As a matter of fact Walter, you're quite right, it's our feeling that consistency is the most important aspect of magazine publishing. We aim for consistency, and we're very pleased that our efforts are being appreciated.



Compliments on the fantastic seventh issue of NIGHTMARE. It's delightful to read a mature, adult and responsible magazine devoted to horror in a field glutted with put-ons who try to inject humor as a substitute for quality in stories.

Looking at this issue, it's easy to see you're right in calling it 'The Ultimate In Spine-tingling Terror' on the cover... 'The Essential Horror' by Al Hewetson and Torrents has got to go down as one of the finest illustrated horror tales I've ever read, and because of that I've got no reservations about suggesting the story really is the 'ultimate' in suspense-terror!

Jack Peterson
Burns Oregon

It's good to receive a letter like yours every once in a while Jack, it gives us a chance to sit and relax for a minute from a back-breaking publishing schedule and feel just a little proud of our work... because you dig it!

NIGHTMARE #7 was 'right on' — of course so was PSYCHO #7 which I just received today! I'm sure glad you people don't start up a childish rivalry about which of your own magazines are better than others... everyone knows that most of the stories are just picked out at random when your putting together an issue.

Why am I writing to NIGHTMARE instead of PSYCHO? Well for one thing, it's a better magazine than PSYCHO... better art... better stories...

Samuel Fletcher
Prescott, Arizona

If the stories are picked out at random, Sam, how can one magazine be consistently better than the others?

This is a letter of warning — I've taken your closing letter of the last NIGHTMARE (#7) to heart and am working away on a contribution for your magazine... a story of an untimely undeath that I really hope will blow your minds. I'm also rather curious to know if you've received much reaction on that letter which invited readers to send in their stories for consideration in NIGHTMARE?

An' oh yeh, before I forget — NIGHTMARE 7 was fantastic. I particularly enjoyed Ed Fedory's and Ferran Sostres' 'The Penitent' — let's have more stories by these superb story craftsmen!

Jim Oleck
Chicago Illinois

Your comments, kind as they are, have been passed on to Messrs. Fedory and Sostres to brighten their day just as you've brightened ours Jim!

And we take your warning to heart and eagerly look forward to your untimely undeath (your story that is!) Yep, we've received many excellent contributions already from fans, some of which (the best) will be featured in future issues. Keep 'em coming in, and please don't forget return postage if you want your material returned!



Just a word about 'Artifacts' by Dennis Fujitake in NIGHTMARE #7.

The word is... 'beautiful!'

Tom Watson
Miami Beach Fla.

And in 2 words... 'thanks Tom'...



Al Hewetson has got to be the finest horror writer around — but I have a problem — maybe you can help me out. It's okay when he has vampires going around biting people's necks in his macabre tales, but does he have to wake me up in the middle of the night to insert his fangs in my neck?

Mrs. Julie Hewetson
New York N.Y.

Julie, we were wondering where Al gets his inspiration.

I have an idea for a new feature which I'd be willing to sell you for a small percentage of your sales... (no no... only kidding)! My idea is to have a movie REVIEW column which would feature a SKYWALD look at the current line-up of fear features of the giant screen. You could run it a few pages along with photographs from the movie and a criticism. What do you think?

Sean Connerty
Santa Monica, Cal.

It's a great idea Sean, in fact we're already doing it, starting this issue. This issue we're featuring the excellent new movie: 'Tales From the Crypt' which we can't seem to rave about enough! Check it out and let us know what you think!

And if you have any more ideas, send them along to us, we'd appreciate them!

Many of the fanzines suggest that publishers make-up the letters pages right out of their heads. Is this the case with SKYWALD?

Wallace Jackson
Madison, Minnesota

To tell you the truth Wallace, we don't know about other publishers — but you've just proven an excellent point! Unless you think we invented you?

The inside cover on the Haunted Strangler was a great page illustrated by a great artist, Pablo Marcos. His work is always a pleasure to look at. I think the one page ideas are too good to forget about. Keep them in every issue.

Sid Stone
New York City, N.Y.

Sid, guaranteed we won't forget about it. Keep your eyes glued to our mags.



I noticed you've changed the format of your contents page. I like it, I like it. Who's idea?

Bud Morgan
St. Louis, Mo.

Al Hewetson's, that's who. And we liked it, we liked it.

I picked up NIGHTMARE #7, as the cover really popped out at me. I thought it was one of the best covers I've ever seen. And then, I looked at the back cover. WOW. It really had me flippin'. I thoroughly enjoyed it even though it wasn't in full color. (just imagine if it was a color painting) I hope you continue to do this, and someday run a contest and give the originals to some lucky guy like me.

Paul Douglas
Chicago, Ill.

Good thought, Paul. We may just do that some day.



Cheers for Skywald for running a horror contest with such a great payoff as an original by Bill Everett. All I can say is, I hope I'm the winner.

Lou Sigal
Philadelphia, Pa.

Every one has an equal chance, Lou. the winner will be announced in NIGHTMARE #9.

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YOUNG ROBINS CHIRP...



...AND DIE!



OTHER ROBINS GET OLD...



...AND JUST **ROT!**



REMEMBER JOLLY **FRIAR TUCK**? HE'S OLD NOW, AND UGLY! HE DOES NOTHING BUT SIT AROUND LITTERING **SHERWOOD FOREST** WITH CHICKEN BONES...



...AND **LITTLE JOHN**... THE MAN-GOLIATH WHO WAS ROBIN'S RIGHT HAND? HE **TOO** IS OLD NOW... AND SO FULL OF ARROW HOLES, MAID MARION USES HIM AS A **HUMAN PIN CUSHION!**

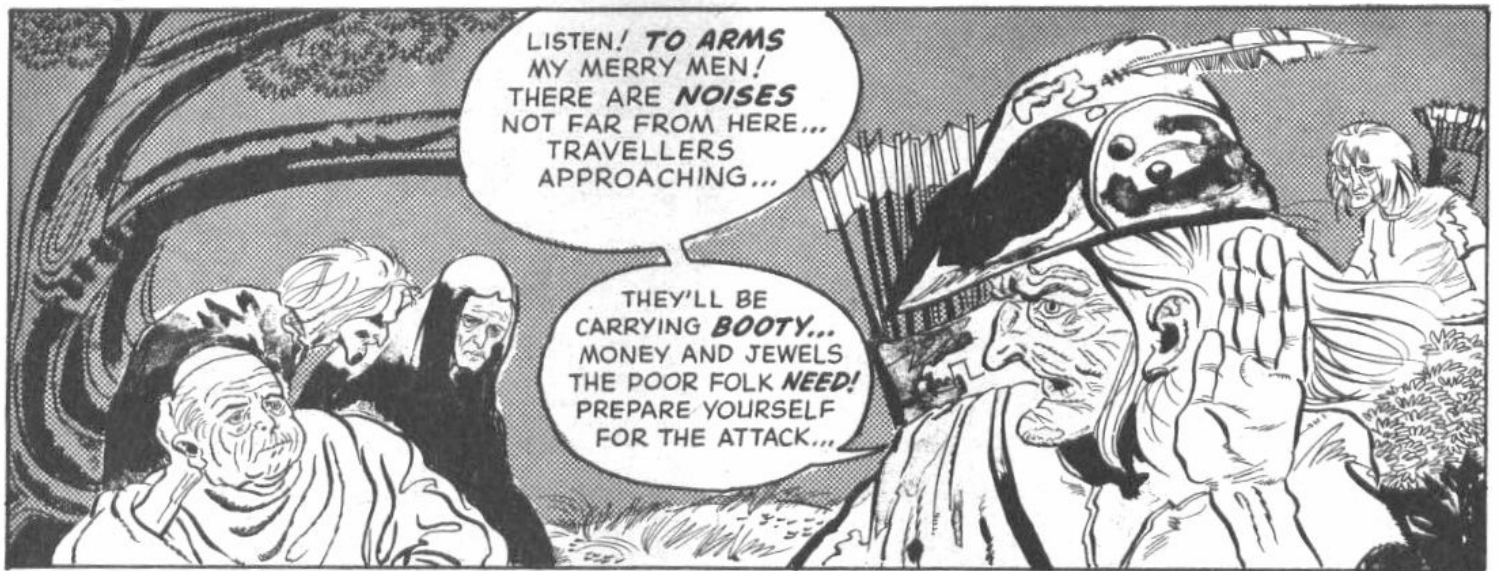
ROT, ROBIN, ROT!



THEN THERE WAS **MAID MARION**, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MISS WHO STOLE ROBIN'S HEART...SHE TOO IS OLD AND JUST KNITS ALL DAY... CHAIN-ARMORED LONG JOHNS FOR **ROBIN**...



...AND OF COURSE THERE IS **ROBIN HOOD** HIMSELF! ONCE A STRAPPLING OF 30... NOW, WITH ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE AT **700** HE'S A GAUNT RELIC OF YESTERDAY...



LISTEN! **TO ARMS**
MY MERRY MEN!
THERE ARE **NOISES**
NOT FAR FROM HERE...
TRAVELLERS
APPROACHING...

THEY'LL BE
CARRYING **BOOTY**...
MONEY AND JEWELS
THE POOR FOLK **NEED!**
PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR THE ATTACK...



HEY, BEAUTIFUL...THIS
SPOT LOOKS LIKE SOME-
THING OUT OF THE DAYS
OF **YOPE!** LET'S STOP
HERE FOR OUR
PICNIC...



DIG
THIS...
REAL
GRASS!



DEATH TO
THE FOREIGN
INFIDELS!

DIG THE ANCIENT
LITTLE MAN...
OUTTA SIGHT
DUDS, DAD!



ATTACK! KILL THE
FOUL-MOUTHED
HENCHMEN OF
SATAN...

HEY! HELP! MY GOD...
THEY'RE SERIOUS...
THEY'RE **MADMEN...**



LOOK, ROBIN... TWO OF THEM ATTEMPT TO **FLEE!**



NONE FLEE ROBIN HOOD... 'TIS A SIMPLE MATTER TO **STOP** THEM!



I'M PINNED...

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT'S A DREAM...



NOW INFIDEL, YOU DIE! **SO SPEAKS ROBIN HOOD...**



ROB... ROBIN HOOD! YOU'RE CRAZY... YOU MUST BE INSANE!

YOU'RE OUTTA YOU'RE HEAD MAN... THIS IS **1972!** ROBIN HOOD'S BEEN **DEAD** FOR **700 YEARS!**



I'M DEAD... DEAD?



LOOK! THEY'RE **CRUMBLING!** FADING LIKE IMAGES... INTO **DUST!**



DUST... NO! LOOK!

THESE **BONES** ARE **REAL** ENOUGH! I GUESS... I GUESS **THEY** WEREN'T **DEAD** AFTER **ALL!**

TOO BAD, ROBIN! 700 YEARS OF LIVING COME TO THIS! LOOKS LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF JUST ROTTING TO DEATH!

PROLOGUE:

YOU'VE HEARD OF
THE SEWERS
OF PARIS...
BUT HAVE YOU
EVER HEARD OF
THE SEWERS OF
NEW YORK?

HISTORY
BOOKS
RARELY TELL THE
FULL STORY OF
ANYTHING...
THEY HIDE AND
CRUSH FACT AND
TRUTH FOR THE
SANITY OF THE
FUTURE... FOR TO LOOK
AT THAT MACABRE TRUTH
BEHIND THINGS THAT
HAVE HAPPENED THROUGH
MAN'S FRAIL EXISTENCE ON
THIS STRANGE, TINY PLANET MIGHT
PROVE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN THE
STRONGEST OF MINDS!

OUR TALE
HAS STARTED AT
THE END... AS
WORKMEN CLOSE A
MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR SEWER
SYSTEM... BUT NOW LET US
START AT THE **TRUE**
BEGINNING... WEEK EARLIER...
AS WE TAKE YOU BACK A
CENTURY AND A HALF TO A
DISMAL RAINY NIGHT
IN MANHATTAN...

... WHERE WE SEE A
YOUNG WOMAN WALKING
ALONE THROUGH THE
STREETS AFTER HER MAN HAS
TAKEN CRUDE **ADVANTAGE**
OF HER **INNOCENCE**...

JUST BECAUSE
HE'S THE **DON**
JUAN OF 73RD
STREET DOESN'T
MEAN HE CAN
GET **ANYTHING**
HE WANTS
OUT OF A
WOMAN...

... AT
LEAST NOT
THIS
GIRL!

I'D RATHER WALK
WALK HOME THROUGH
THIS **RAIN** THAN FEEL
HIS GRIMY HANDS
PAWING AT ME...
LIKE I'M AN
INHUMAN **OBJECT**
TO BE **POSSESSED**...

BUT EVEN AS ALEXANDRA PERKINS
IS WRAPPED IN HER THOUGHTS SHE
SUDDENLY FINDS HER MIND **TORN**
FROM HER... HER SANITY **RIPPED**
LIKE A POINTLESS TOY... FOR AS SHE
TURNS THIS CORNER SHE COMES FACE
TO FACE WITH A TIMELESS HORROR...



DEAR
GOD...
WHAT
CAN IT
BE?

...TENTACLES
REACHING OUT
AFTER ME...
MUST RUN...
RUN...

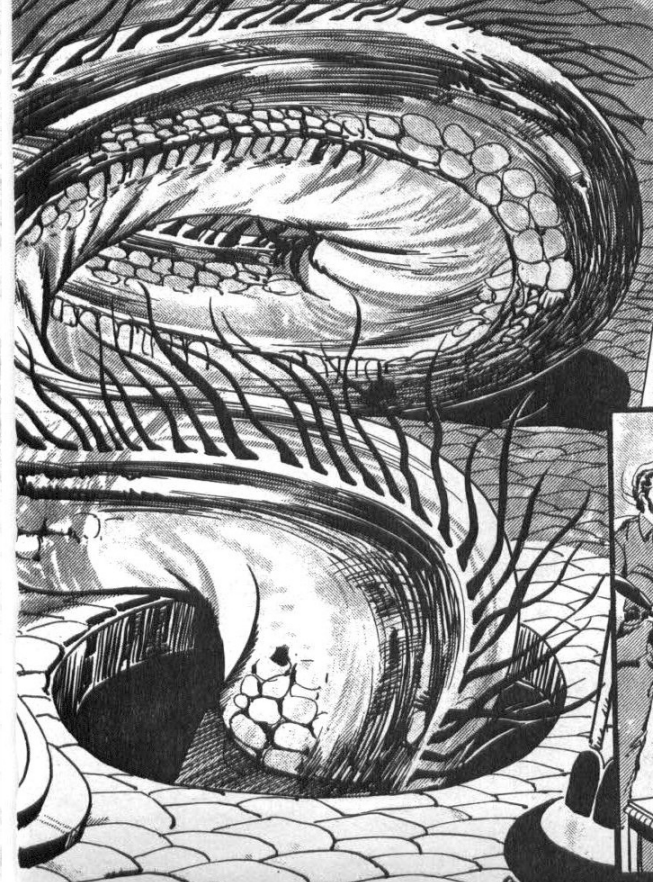
EEEEAAUUGGH!

BUT EITHER AS
AN EPILOGUE OR
A PROLOGUE
OUR STRANGE
BEGINNING SERVES
TO ILLUSTRATE
THAT THIS IS A
TALE LACKING
ALL SENSE OR
RHYME OR
REASON...

...FOR WHAT
UNNAMEABLE
SPAWN OF
HELL THIS CAN
BE IS BEYOND
ANY MAN'S
SANITY... OR
ANY WOMAN'S...

...ONE WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

THE TUNNELS OF HORROR



IT MOVES
SO **SLOWLY**...
I'LL BE ABLE
TO STAY
OUT OF IT'S
REACH...

SWEET
HEAVEN...
I MUST HAVE
BEEN **MAD**
TO WALK
THE STREETS
ALONE...



...BUT WHO
COULD HAVE
ANTICIPATED
RUNNING INTO
A...A DEMON
SUCH AS
THAT!



HELP
ME...
PLEASE
HELP...
HELP
ME...

**WHAT IS
IT MISS?**
CALM DOWN...
CATCH YOUR
BREATH...
WHATEVER
IT IS...YOUR
SAFE
NOW!

PABLO
MARCOS



NOW
TELL
US
MISS...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING
OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE
THIS **ALONE**...AND
WHY ARE YOU SO
FRIGHTENED?

YOU'D BE
FRIGHTENED
TOO OFFICER...
IF YOU HAD SEEN
THE MONSTER
CRAWLING OUT
OF THE SEWER
THAT...

...**A
MONSTER
CRAWLING
OUT OF A
SEWER?**



I SWEAR
IT'S THE
TRUTH...

ON 59TH STREET...
JUST 2 BLOCKS
FROM HERE...A
HUGE SNAKE-
LIKE THING WITH
A HEAD LIKE...

...OH MY
GOD...

...LIKE A
**ROTTING
SKULL!**

ALRIGHT
MISS...
ALRIGHT...

...WE'LL
INVESTIGATE
YOUR MYSTERIOUS
SNAKE-BEAST...



...BUT I TELL
YOU **THIS**... WE
DON'T HAVE
TIME TO FOLLOW
UP ON EVERY
YOUNG GIRL'S
MAD NOTION
OF WHAT A
MONSTER
IS!

I KNOW YOU
DON'T BELIEVE
ME... I WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT **MYSELF**
IF SOMEONE
TOLD ME...

...BUT I'LL
PROVE IT
TO YOU...



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

...IT'S GONE...
COMPLETELY
VANISHED...
NOTHING IN
SIGHT!

...BUT
I TELL
YOU...

...I'LL
CONFESS TO
YOU MISS... I
DIDN'T THINK
THERE **WOULD**
BE ANY
MONSTER...

...OFFICER DAVIS WILL
ESCORT YOU **HOME**...



IT'S NO USE
TELLING THAT
OLD SOURBELLY
ANYTHING
MISS...MISS...

PERKINS...
ALEXANDRA
PERKINS...

...MISS PERKINS...
HE WON'T HEAR
A **WORD** YOU
SAY...HE'S **STONE**
DEAF WHEN IT
COMES TO
IMAGINATION...

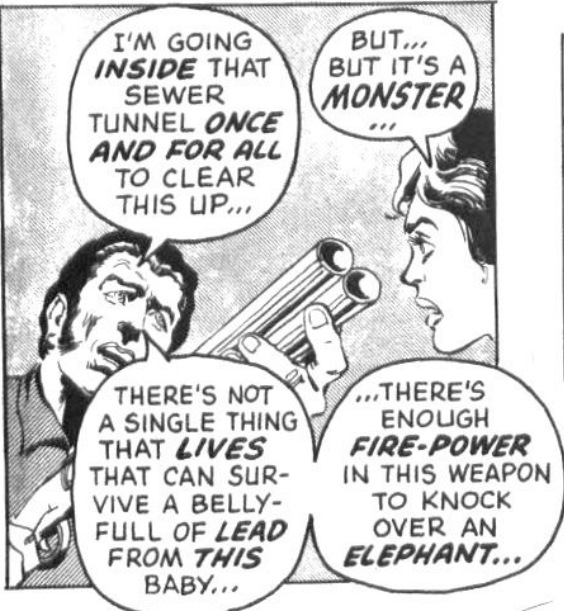


BUT I TELL
YOU...IT'S
NOT MY
IMAGINATION...

I **KNOW!**

I'VE HEARD
RUMORS OF
STRANGE
GOINGS-ON HERE
BEFORE... AND
JUST NOW WHEN
YOU WERE
TALKING TO
THE CAPTAIN
I INSPECTED
THE **GROUND**...

IT'S **COVERED**
WITH SOME
KIND OF
SLIME!



I'M GOING
INSIDE THAT
SEWER
TUNNEL **ONCE**
AND FOR ALL
TO CLEAR
THIS UP...

BUT...
BUT IT'S A
MONSTER
...

THERE'S NOT
A SINGLE THING
THAT **LIVES**
THAT CAN SUR-
VIVE A BELLY-
FULL OF **LEAD**
FROM **THIS**
BABY...

...THERE'S
ENOUGH
FIRE-POWER
IN THIS WEAPON
TO KNOCK
OVER AN
ELEPHANT...



PLEASE BE **CARE-
FUL** OFFICER
DAVIS... **PLEASE**...

THE NAME IS
LARRY... DON'T
WORRY... I'LL BE
CAREFUL...IF THIS
THING IS AS HUGE
AS YOU SAY IT IS...

...I MAY
BE IN
FOR THE
FIGHT
OF MY
LIFE!



...I CAN'T SEE
A **THING**...

...MY GOD...
SOMETHING
CRAWLING
UP MY LEG...



ALEXANDRA--
PULL ME...FOR
GOD'S SAKE
PULL... IT,
GRABBED MY
GUN...CAN'T
FIGHT IT...

...PULLING
ME DOWN...

FIGHT IT
LARRY...
FIGHT
IT...



EEFAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



NEARLY
CHOKING ME...
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING
IN THIS DARKNESS...
IT KNOCKED THE
TORCH OUT OF MY
HANDS WHEN IT
SURPRISED
ME...

LARRY...
LARRY... I
CAN FEEL IT
SLITHERING
UP MY **LEGS**...



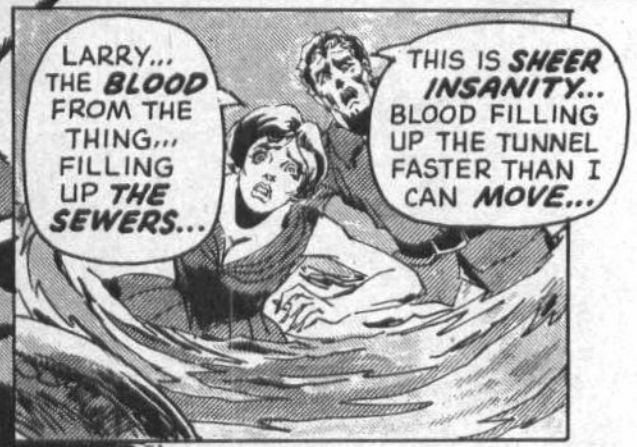
GOT
IT...

...OVER
THERE
LARRY...
YOUR
GUN...

RIGHT
GIRL...
I GOT
IT...



THWAAACK
THWAAACK



LARRY...
THE **BLOOD**
FROM THE
THING...
FILLING
UP **THE**
SEWERS...

THIS IS **SHEER**
INSANITY...
BLOOD FILLING
UP THE TUNNEL
FASTER THAN I
CAN **MOVE**...



LARRY... I
CAN'T
BREATHE...
CHOKING
ME...

CAN'T
FIGHT IT
EITHER...
BLACKING
OUT...

THERE IS A SAD, SICK IRONY IN THIS... TO BE RESCUED FROM IMMINENT DEATH BY BRAVERY... TO FIGHT AND KILL A MONSTER-UNNAMEABLE... AND THEN TO SUFFOCATE IN THE HUNTER-VICTIM'S BLOOD...

AN IRONY THE BLACK GODS WOULD ENJOY... IT IS THEIR **WEIRD** KIND OF HUMOR... **BLACK HUMOR**...

WHEN THE WOMAN AND THE MAN AWAKE THEY FIND THEMSELVES BATHED IN **LIGHT**... A STRANGE YELLOW **GLOW** THAT SEEMS TO PULSE AND POUND INTO THEIR **CHOKING MINDS**...

LARRY...
LARRY ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

YEH... I
GUESS SO...
BUT I FEEL
THE SAME
WAY AS
YOU
LOOK...

I KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN... YOU
LOOK A BIT
FEVERISH
TOO...

...IT'S THE AIR...
HORRIBLE... AND
THAT LIGHT...
BURSTING MY
HEAD **WIDE
OPEN!**

...CHOKING MINDS THAT SUDDENLY COME TO **REASON** EVEN AS THEY BECOME **AWARE** OF THE WALLS AND FLOOR OF THIS **FOUL TUNNEL** BEGINNING TO HORRIBLY **MOVE!**

I DON'T
KNOW... IS... IS
IT **ME?**... OR
IS THIS
TUNNEL
MOVING...

...GETTING
DIZZY...
MY HEAD IS
SPINNING...

IT'S NOT YOUR
HEAD LARRY... IT'S
THE TUNNEL... IT
SEEMS TO BE **SHAKING**...
LIKE WE'RE BEING CARRIED
SOMEWHERE... LIKE THIS
IS A **DRAINPIPE**...
BEING MOVED BY
WORKMEN...

...AND
WE'RE
CAUGHT
INSIDE...

NCO!

IT'S **MORE**
THAN THAT...
THE CEILINGS...
THE WALLS...
ARE SOFT...
MUSHY...

...WHAT
KIND OF A
SEWER IS
MUSHY?

A **LIGHT**... AT
THE END OF THE
TUNNEL... IF WE
CAN CRAWL TOWARDS
IT THROUGH THIS
MUCK WE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO
ESCAPE!




IT'S
THE
STREET...

...AND IN
DAYLIGHT...
WE MUST HAVE
BEEN IN THE
SEWER ALL
NIGHT!

...BUT WHAT...
WHAT KIND
OF SEWER IS
IT THAT
MOVES?


...ONE
THAT
LIVES...

...SWEET
MERCIFUL
HEAVEN...WE'VE
BEEN INSIDE
THE
ABOMINATION'S
MOTHER!

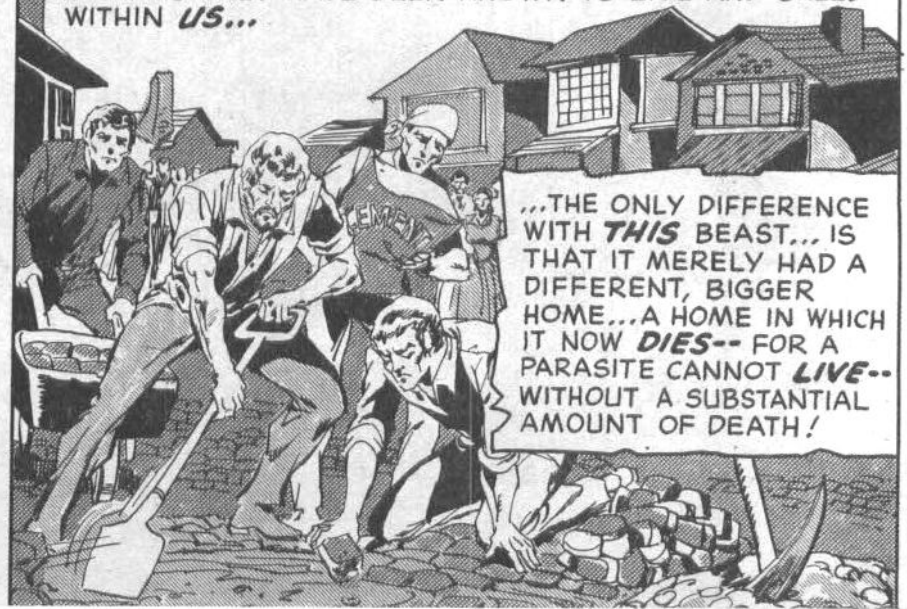


NOW AN EPILOGUE THAT
WAS A PROLOGUE ONCE
UPON A TIME...

...ONCE UPON A DISTANT TIME AGO...



THE WORKMEN CEMENT OFF THE SEWERS... SEAL THEM
TIGHT... AND WHILE NOT RIGHT PERHAPS IN NOT
RECORDING THE **TRUTH**... THE AUTHORITIES **WERE**
RIGHT IN LOCKING THE ABOMINATION WITHIN... FOR
THIS BEAST WAS A PARASITE... A MONSTROUS TAPE
WORM THAT LIVED WITHIN THE TUNNELS OF NEW YORK...
EVEN AS THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LIVE AND BREED
WITHIN **US**...



...THE ONLY DIFFERENCE
WITH **THIS** BEAST... IS
THAT IT MERELY HAD A
DIFFERENT, BIGGER
HOME... A HOME IN WHICH
IT NOW **DIES**-- FOR A
PARASITE CANNOT **LIVE**--
WITHOUT A SUBSTANTIAL
AMOUNT OF DEATH!



AND HE LAID HOLD ON THE DRAGON, THAT OLD SERPENT, WHICH IS THE DEVIL, AND SATAN, AND BOUND HIM OVER A THOUSAND YEARS!

PROLOGUE: HE IS *RARE* AND PRIVILEGED, THE MAN WHO CAN WALK THROUGH DEATH... FOR ALL RACES OF MAN FEAR THE DAMNED WHO MAY RISE FROM THEIR *GRAVES* IN REVENGE OF THE FATE THAT HAS CAST THEM THERE! FOR EVERY MAN WHO BELIEVES IN HEAVEN... ALSO LIVES IN THE *SHADOW OF HELL!* THIS THEN IS A TALE OF *EVIL*... ABOUT A MAN OF THE DREADED *SATANIST CULT*...

SATAN'S GRAVEYARD



YOU ARE SCARLYN FRIEDRICH, OF 68 YEARS ON THIS EARTH, EVERY ONE OF THEM SPENT IN EXILE OF HUMANITY... FOR THE HIDEOUS DEFORMITY ON YOUR SHOULDERS THAT CRUEL MEN CALL A *HUMP* MAKES THOSE FEW WHO DARE TO BE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE WRETCH TO THEIR STOMACH WHEN YOU TURN YOUR BACK! AND THIS IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN SCARLYN... SINCE THE DAY OF YOUR *BIRTH*-- YOU HAVE KNOWN NOTHING BUT THE *SCORN* AND *CONTEMPT* OF YOUR FELLOWS... AND SO NOW YOU'VE *HARDENED* TO THEM! AS THE KEEPER OF A GRAVEYARD YOU CAN KEEP TO YOURSELF, CAN'T YOU... IN ALL YOUR *MISERY* AND *DEPRIVATION!*

FLIP THE PAGE SCARLYN... TURN TO WHERE YOUR TALE *REALLY* STARTS... FOR *THIS IS YOUR LIFE* SCARLYN FRIEDRICH... OR SHOULD WE SAY... YOUR *DEATH*...

YOU ARE **HAPPY** TODAY SCARLYN... THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER **DEATH** IN THE TOWN OF **DUNWICH**... AND THE **MOURNERS** WHO COME TO CRY FOR THE DEPARTED HAVE BUT TO GLANCE AT **YOU** AND HAVE THEIR **TORTURE** DOUBLED...



GO AWAY... MOVE AWAY YOU PATHETIC CREATURE!



WHAT ARE YOU... A **GHoul**... THAT YOU HAVE TO STARE AT US AND **GRIN** IN OUR MOMENTS OF **SORROW**? MOVE OFF... HUNCHBACK... WE'LL **RATTLE** YOUR CHAIN WHEN WE NEED YOU!



DON'T **MOCK** ME... I DO **NOTHING** TO DESERVE YOUR **INSULTS**!



HOW **DARE** YOU BREAK UP OUR CEREMONY WITH YOUR **SCREAMING**...

WE'LL TEACH YOU...

THEY DARE CHASE **ME**... WHAT HAVE I DONE THAT THEY SHOULD **PUNISH** ME SO... **SATAN** WILL REWARD THEM WHEN THEY DESCEND INTO **HELL** WHERE THEY **BELONG**!

MMMM... THAT **REMINDS** ME! I HAVEN'T MADE MY **DEVOTIONS** TODAY YET! I'D BEST DO IT **NOW** LEST MY **MASTER** THINKS I'M LACKING IN MY **PLEDGE** OF **CONSECRATION**!



LATER... IN A
SECLUDED SPOT...



OH WISE AND OMNIPOTENT
MASTER! OH VILE AND
TREACHEROUS DENIZEN!
HE WHO IS **EVIL**
INCARNATE... ACCEPT
MY PLEDGE... MY HATE...
MY **DEATH** FOR THEE!



OH **VILE DIETY...** REWARD
ME... REWARD ME FOR MY
DEVOTIONS!

AH **YES, SCARLYN...** DEVOTED
YOU **HAVE** BEEN TO ME... I
GRANT YOU A **BOON...** WHAT-
EVER YOU **DESIRE...** AT YOUR
COMMAND...



A **BOON** MASTER
...YES... YES... I
KNOW WHAT I
WANT...

EVERLASTING LIFE... GRANT
ME THIS MASTER... THAT I
MAY BE FIT TO SERVE THEE
FOREVER!



MY MASTER WAS KIND TO ME TODAY...
REWARDING ME FOR ALL MY **YEARS**
GIVEN TO HIM! IT IS **GOOD** TO
HAVE **SOMEONE** TO WORSHIP...
MAKES ME FEEL **WANTED...**
AND FOR SO MANY YEARS
I WAS **ALONE!**





HELLO MY LITTLE ONES... HOW HAVE YOU BEEN WHILE PAPPA'S BEEN AWAY ALL DAY?

HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD... HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING WITH BIG **DAMON** BY THE FIRE? NOW JUST SIT QUIETLY AND PAPPA WILL GET YOU SOME **MILK**... YES MY LITTLE ONES... YOU'RE MY **SPECIAL** LITTLE FRIENDS, AREN'T YOU?

NOW YOU LISTEN HERMAN THORPE... THAT HIDEOUS MAN IN THE GRAVEYARD... UGH... IT MAKES ME SHUDDER TO EVEN THINK ABOUT HIM... THAT VILE MAN MUST BE TAUGHT A **LESSON!**

YEAH THORPE... HE SHOULD BE KICKED OUT OF TOWN!

SPEAKING OF **FRIENDS** SCARLYN... IF YOU KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON BEHIND YOUR BACK YOU MIGHT BE A BIT MORE **CAUTIOUS** HOW YOU PRACTICED YOUR **BELIEFS**; FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOU ARE BEING **PLOTTED AGAINST** BY SOME TOWNSFOLK OF GOOD **DUNWICH** WHO **WITNESSED** YOUR DEVOTIONS EARLIER...

BUT DEAR LADIES... GENTLEMEN, WHAT HAS HE **DONE**? SURELY, NOTHING THAT IS ACTUALLY **ILLEGAL!** AFTER ALL, I CAN'T **ACT** UNLESS...

OH DON'T TALK **NONSENSE** HERMAN... NOW YOU LET EVERYBODY OUT AND WE'LL GO UP TO THE GRAVEYARD STRAIGHTWAY AND SEE HIM...



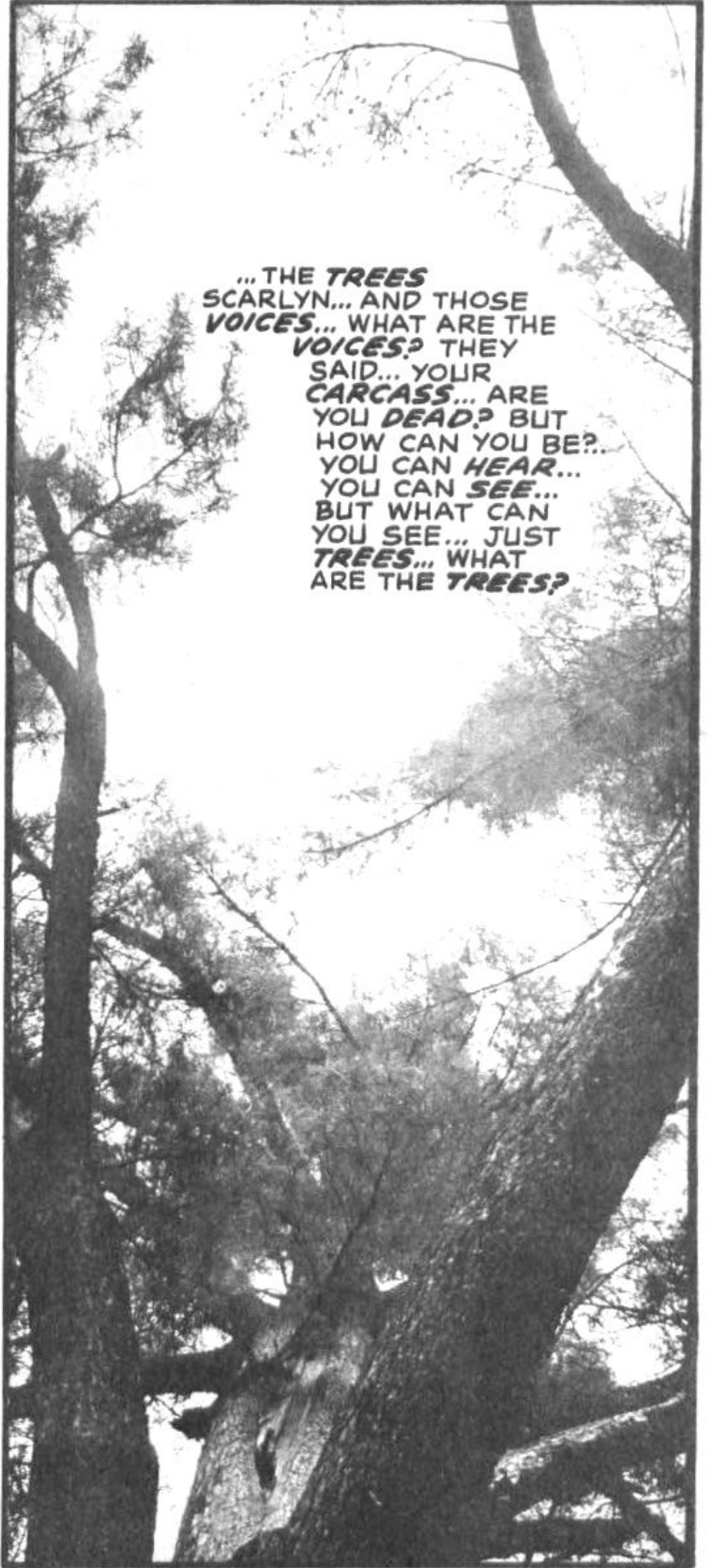
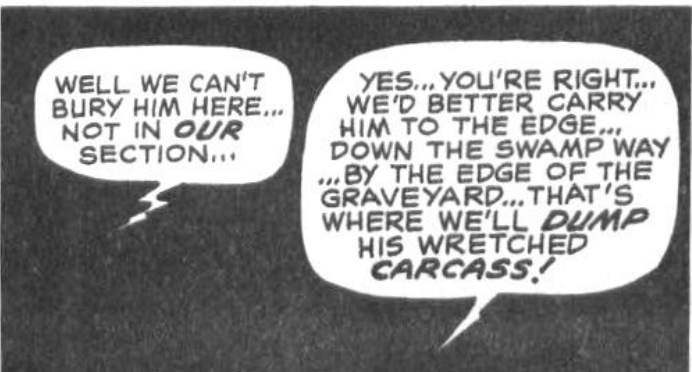
LATER...

HUMP... WHERE ARE YOU... COME OUT...

WE WANT TO HAVE A **TALK** WITH YOU!



AND THAT'S ALL YOU REMEMBER... YOU FIND YOURSELF **DRIFTING**... WONDERING IN A BLACK WORLD OF NOTHINGNESS AND SENSELESSNESS... AND THEN THE TREES... THOSE **WILD... WEIRD... TREES!**



...THE **TREES** SCARLYN... AND THOSE **VOICES**... WHAT ARE THE **VOICES?** THEY SAID... YOUR **CARCASS**... ARE YOU **DEAD?** BUT HOW CAN YOU BE?... YOU CAN **HEAR**... YOU CAN **SEE**... BUT WHAT CAN YOU SEE... JUST **TREES**... WHAT ARE THE **TREES?**



THE TREES THAT PASS BY YOUR EYES AND SAY **NOTHING...** NOTHING TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING...

BUT IS IT NOT NOW THE **DAY** SCARLYN? WHEN THEY CAME AT YOU... WAS IT NOT **NIGHT...** AND WITH A **BLACK SKY?**

NOW THE MOVEMENT YOU FEEL COMES TO A **HALT...** AND THE TREE **SHUDDERS...** YOU FEEL YOURSELF BEING **LOWERED...**

...**LOWERED INTO A GRAVE!** NOW YOU SEE THEIR FACES...THE FACES OF TWO LOCAL NO-GOODS... AND THEIR VOICES... THE HARSH WORDS THAT POUR FROM THEIR MOUTHS AS THEY SET ABOUT THEIR TASK...THE TASK OF **BURYING YOU!** BUT WHY... WHY...YOU'RE NOT DEAD... YOU CAN'T BE... **YOU'RE NOT DEAD...**



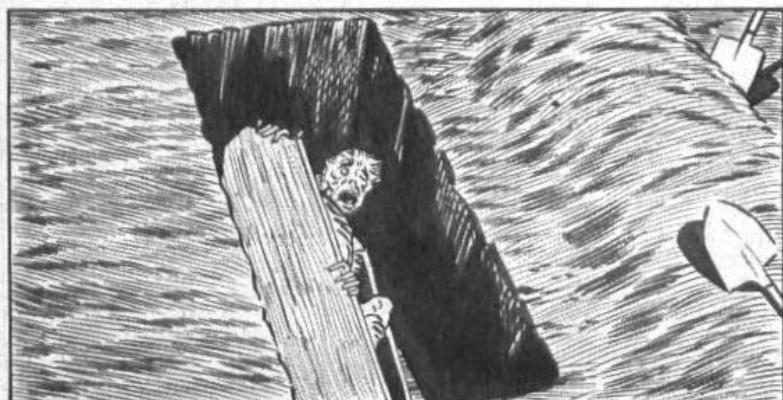
DEAD! DEAD AS A DOORNAIL AS THEY SAY!

YEAH! THE SMELL OF THIS GUY IS TERRIBLE ...WHAT A STINK...LET'S KNOCK OFF FOR NOW... WE CAN FILL IN THE GRAVE LATER!

I SUPPOSE SO... I COULD USE A BREW MYSELF...



SO YOU SCREAM SCARLYN...YOU SCREAM FOR SOMEONE TO **HEAR YOU...** BUT NO ONE DOES...NO ONE COMES...THEY THINK YOU'RE **DEAD...DEAD AS A DOORNAIL!**



SO YOU **PUSH UP** ON THE LID OF THE COFFIN...AND AS IT GIVES YOU **GRASP** THE EDGE OF THE BOARDS AND SCRAMBLE UP...OUT...INTO THE DAYLIGHT! THE FRESH WIND THAT WHISTLES AGAINST YOUR BODY MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD NOW SCARLYN...BLOWS AWAY ALL THAT HORRIBLE STENCH THAT YOU SMELL ABOUT YOU! YES YOU FEEL GOOD NOW SCARLYN...NOW THAT THE AIR RUSHES BACK INTO YOUR **SCORCHED LUNGS...**



YOU SEE THE TWO MEN COMING NOW SCARLYN... YOU'LL **CONFRONT** THEM... SCARE THEM HALF OUT OF THEIR **WITS** WON'T YOU... THEY THINK YOU'RE **DEAD**...



HEY YOU TWO... THOUGHT I WAS **DEAD** EH?

I SAID...
HEY THERE...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER...
DON'T YOU HEAR
ME? WHY DON'T
YOU LOOK AT
ME... **WHAT'S**
WRONG
WITH
YOU?



...AND NOW THE STORY REALLY **BEGINS**...
AS YOU LOOK FORWARD TO A NEW LIFE... OR
DEATH... WITH ALL THOSE OTHERS... ALL THOSE
OTHER STRANGE... WEIRD **HUMPS** WHO
ARE... NO MORE!



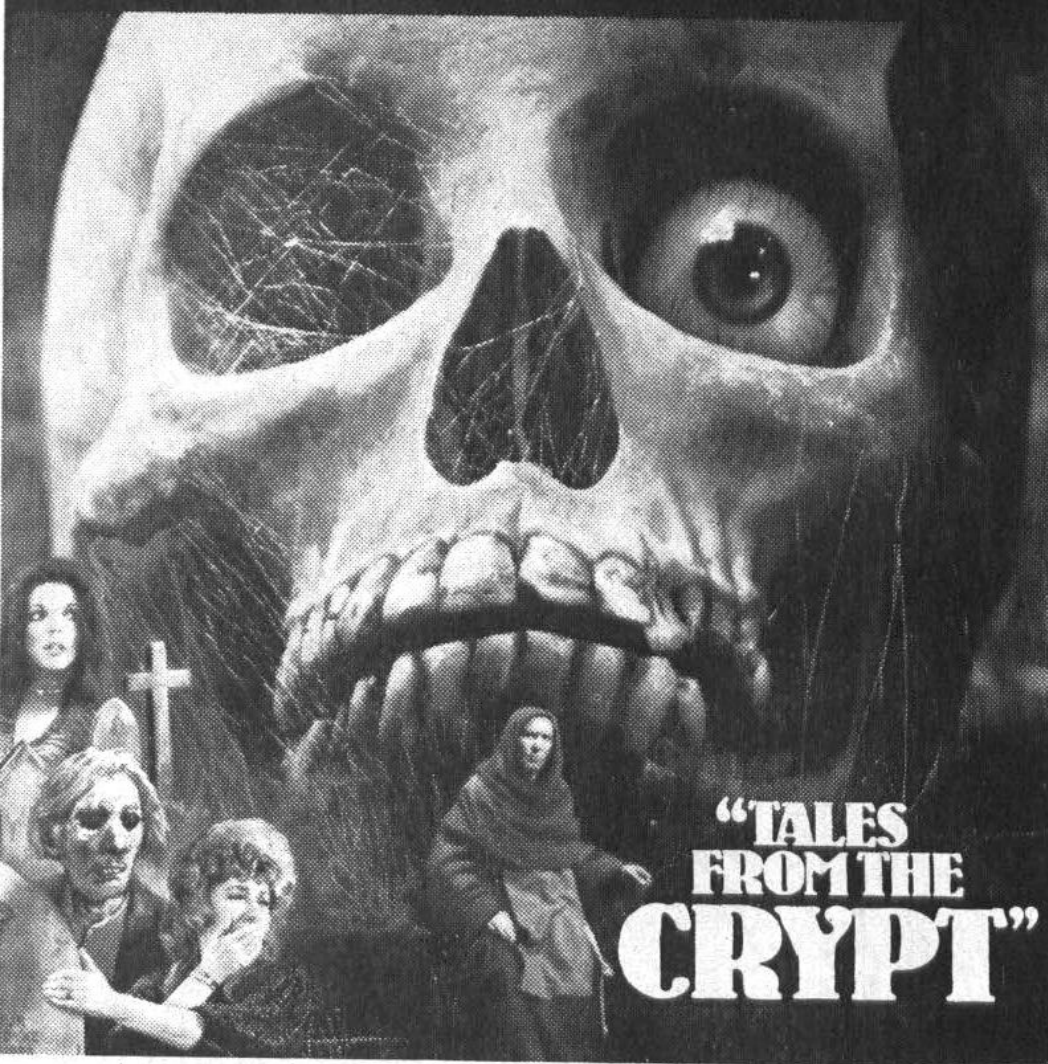
NOW YOU KNOW SCARLYN... NOW YOU
KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED... YOU **ARE**
DEAD AREN'T YOU? BUT YOU'RE MUCH
HAPPIER NOW... NOW THAT **SATAN** HAS
GIVEN YOU **EVERLASTING LIFE**... IN
EXCHANGE FOR YOUR **SOUL** SCARLYN...
THAT **OBSCENE... UGLY SOUL** THAT YOU
CARRIED ABOUT ON YOUR **SHOULDERS**...



AND SHOULD YOU HAVE THE **MORBID** IDEA
THAT OUR TALE HAS A **MORAL**... WE'RE NOT
SAYING YOU'LL FIND ONE-- BUT WHY NOT TRY
LOOKING FOR IT ABOUT SIX FEET UNDER...
BURIED ALONG WITH YOUR ROTTING CORPSE! DIG?

DEATH LIVES

IN THE VAULT OF HORROR!

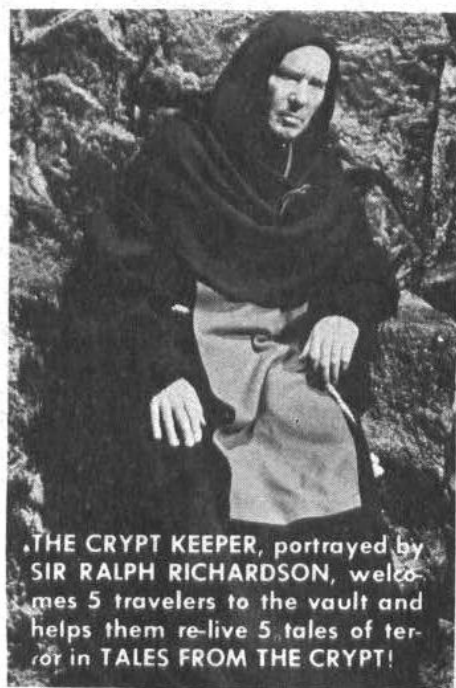


NIGHTMARE
MOVIE REVIEW:

Tales from the CRYPT

by
ALAN
HEWETSON

comic-art ©1972
William M. Gaines



An Amicus Production for Metro-media Producers, Cinerama Releasing. 92 minutes. Produced by Charles Fries, Milton Subotsky and Max Rosenberg. Directed by Fred Francis. Screenplay by Milton Subotsky based on the stories of Al Feldstein: ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, REFLECTION OF DEATH, POETIC JUSTICE, WISH YOU WERE HERE and BLIND ALLEYS published in the early fifties in the E.C. comic magazines TALES FROM THE CRYPT and VAULT OF HORROR.

Starring JOAN COLLINS, PETER CUSHING, SUSAN DENNY, RICHARD GREENE, IAN HENDRY, PATRICK MAGEE, NIGEL PATRICK, ROBIN PHILLIPS and SIR RALPH RICHARDSON as the incredible,

old CRYPT KEEPER.

Good horror films are rare; excellent horror films are SO rare they can probably be counted on your fingers — TALES FROM THE CRYPT is just such a film, and just might be the finest horror production made since the early introduction of Lee's DRACULA many years ago. We are slightly prejudiced we admit, because the film features the fear fantasies of Al Feldstein, adapted from the great E.C. comic horror magazines. It is rare to see a film follow closely a plot set down in a short story or novel, but TALES FROM THE CRYPT does, probably because of the fact that the original form was a graphic presentation which lended well to its kindred medium. . .the movies.

THE CRYPT KEEPER, portrayed by SIR RALPH RICHARDSON, welcomes 5 travelers to the vault and helps them re-live 5 tales of terror in TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

After brutally murdering her husband. Joanne Clayton in **ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE**, receives an unexpected visit from an unsaintly Saint Nick!

AL FELDSTEIN wrote these fear tales in the early 1950's in the E.C. comic mags: **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** and **THE VAULT OF HORROR**. He collaborated with publisher Bill Gaines, and artists Johnny Craig, Reed Crandall, Jack Davis, Will Elder and 'Ghastly' Graham Ingles to produce these masterworks of comic literature, which were excellently and closely adapted by screenwriter Milton Subotsky. Now editor of **MAD Magazine**, Al is still considered, even 20 years after the fact, the finest sCRYPTer of comic-macabre in the medium; his works of horror are forever the comic art conversation.

Grimsdyke rises from the grave to seek revenge on the man who drove him to suicide!



ARTHUR
GRIMSDYKE
1907-1972





DEATH follows Satanic-double-dealer Ralph Jason in **WISH YOU WERE HERE**, a tale of 3 wishes from the **BEYOND!**

TALES FROM THE CRYPT was filmed entirely in England at the famous Shepperton Studios on 14 different sets and for location shooting, at London's famed Highgate Cemetery.

The cast includes the highly acclaimed British actor **PETER CUSHING**, whose performances in the past include **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD**. In this film he portrays Grimsdyke, a lonely old widower who is victimized to suicide by a landgrabbing, fortune-hunting James Elliot.

In **POETIC JUSTICE** the man who forced Grimsdyke to take his own life is visited by him on the anniversary of his death!

Elliot meets an awkward end on the first anniversary of Grimsdyke's untimely departure from this world as his smoldering corpse rises from the grave to seek vengeance, turning hunter into hunted, and leaving the tormented drowning in his own pulsing heart which lies before him on a blood-soaked desk-top.

Director Fred Francis has an impressive list of successful horror-suspense films to his credit. **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** is his seventh film under the Amicus masthead, the others include **THE SKULL**,



DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORROR, and **TORTURE GARDEN**. The cast also includes **SIR RALPH RICHARDSON** who portrays the **OLD CRYPTKEEPER**. At first sight, to anyone who has followed this Shakespearean actor's career, his appearance seems to suggest parody and an improper put-on. But when his first word is issued you quickly realize the robust tones of his unfaltering grand English are **EMMINENTLY** suited, and in the twinkling of his dark, deep eyes is the suggestion of condescending mockery which seems so close to the black character of the original comic host.

This is by no means Richardson's first horror movie, in fact in his first film, a 1933 movie called **THE GHOUL**, he played (in his own words): 'a charming little minister who went around dynamiting homes'.

We hope you've enjoyed this photo-film-review, the first in what we hope will be a long-running series. We also want to make you this promise; when we recommend a movie it's for only **ONE** reason — because we enjoyed it and want to **SHARE** it with you. It's unlikely we'll bother to give the space to a movie we **DON'T** like, so don't wait for: **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA** (yeh, that was the name of a **REAL MOVIE!**)...but instead watch for the finest of the current crop of horror-suspense motion pictures from Hollywood, England, or anywhere else fear-films are fertilized!



A SOUND BEHIND GUNNER FROZE HIS BLOOD! A SNARL AND A SQUEAL OF A DOOR OPENING...
BRUTUS! HUNGER-CRAZED BRUTUS! THEY'VE FREED HIM, TOO!

NIGEL PATRICK as the demented William Rogers in **BLIND ALLEYS** has a choice... before him an incredible alley of waiting razor blades... behind him a starved dog crying for human food... **HIM!**

HUNG UP

YOU STAND IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE MODEST WEST SIDE APARTMENT AND STARE DOWN IN SILENCE AT THE CARNAGE BEFORE YOU. THE SUMMER AIR DRIFTS SERENELY THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW BRINGING CITY NOISE AND SMELLS AND RIFILING THE DRESS OF THE GIRL LYING SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR AT YOUR FEET. YOUR EYES TRAVEL UP THE DRESS, ACROSS THE SMALL BACK AND DELICATE SHOULDERS, TO THE RUPTURED REMAINS OF THE FACE. THEY MOVE ACROSS THE **BLOOD STAINED** CARPET TO THE CRUMPLED FORM OF THE MAN, HIS BODY TWISTED LIKE SOME GROTESQUE PUPPET BESIDE THE GIRL. YOU DROP THE HEAVY WRENCH TO THE FLOOR AND SMILE QUIETLY AT YOUR WORK. YOUR NAME IS JEFF RICHARDS. YOU ARE A **MURDERER**...



IT'S ALL WORKING OUT JUST THE WAY YOU PLANNED IT FROM THE BEGINNING...EVERYTHING FALLING INTO PLACE LIKE CLOCK WORK. IN A FEW MINUTES THE WORST PART WILL BE OVER, THE STAGE WILL BE SET FOR THE FINAL SCENE. YOU MOVE TO THE CLOSET AND WITHDRAW THE CANS OF KEROSENE...



YOU UNCAP THE FIRST CAN AND BEGIN SPREADING ITS CONTENTS OVER THE LIVING ROOM CARPET, ACROSS THE WALLS AND FURNITURE, TAKING CARE NOT TO SPILL ANY NEAR THE TWO SILENT FORMS...

BRUCE JONES

Script and Art: BRUCE JONES



YOU EMPTY THE FIRST CAN AND THEN THE SECOND, YOUR NOSE WRINKLING AT THE PUNGENT SMELL OF KEROSENE. THEN YOU PULL THE PACK FROM YOUR POCKET, STICK A BUTT IN YOUR MOUTH, AND LIGHT IT. "MARY WAS A **CHRONIC SMOKER**, OFFICER... THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT **STARTED** THE FIRE..."



YOU SMOKE IT HALF DOWN, GAZING AROUND YOUR APARTMENT FOR THE LAST TIME, THEN YOU FLIP THE BUTT INTO THE CARPET AND WATCH IT LEAP INTO FLAME. IN SECONDS THE ROOM IS A PARTIAL HALLO-CAUST, FLAMES CLIMBING GREEDILY OVER EVERY THING YOU OWN, THE CURTAINS, THE SOFA, THE T.V. AND NEW STEREO. YOU WATCH GRIMLY FOR A MOMENT THEN MOVE QUICKLY TO THE DEAD COUPLE...


TIME IS PRECIOUS NOW AND THIS FINAL ACT IS CRUCIAL. WITH A GROAN YOU DRAG THE BODIES TO THE WALL AND PROP THEM UNDER THE OPEN WINDOW, ALREADY FEELING THE GLOW OF THE INTENSE HEAT...






FOR THE LAST TIME YOU LOOK AT MARY'S BATTERED FEATURES THEN YOU DUMP HER ACROSS THE CORPSE OF HER LOVER AND HOIST THEM TO THE SILL. YOU CURSE AT THE STRAIN IN YOUR ARMS, THE ACHES IN YOUR BACK, BUT IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY, BOTH AT ONCE, SO IT WILL APPEAR THEY JUMPED TOGETHER... AT LAST, HEAVING, YOU PUSH THEM OVER AND OUT, TAKING CARE NOT TO BE SEEN YOURSELF...




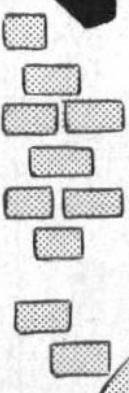
ONCE INSIDE YOU KICK ASIDE THE SMALL WOODEN WEDGE THAT KEPT THE DOOR JAMMED AND THE ELEVATOR STATIONARY WHILE YOU WERE BUSY. YOU PRESS THE BUTTON MARKED "BASEMENT" AND KEEP YOUR FINGER THERE ALL THE WAY DOWN, PREVENTING ANYONE ELSE FROM GETTING ON ...



THE ROOM IS AN INFERNO NOW, AND YOU HURRY QUICKLY TO THE DOOR AND OPEN IT CAUTIOUSLY. THE HALLWAY IS EMPTY AS YOU KNEW IT WOULD BE THIS TIME OF DAY. YOU CLOSE THE DOOR, TEST TO MAKE SURE IT'S LOCKED, THEN CROSS THE HALL AND OPEN THE ELEVATOR DOOR ...



WHEN THE BASEMENT LEVEL SIGN BLINKS ON THE CAR STOPS AND YOU GET OUT. YOU WALK QUIETLY UNDER BEAMS AND PIPES ON SOFT RUBBER SOLES BOUGHT ESPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION AND PASS THE SLEEPING FORM OF THE JANITOR HUNCHED OVER A HALF EMPTY BOTTLE OF VODKA. IN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS YOU'RE THROUGH THE SMALL FIRE EXIT AND OUT IN THE ALLEY WHICH IS EMPTY AS YOU KNEW IT WOULD BE. YOU MOVE RAPIDLY PAST THE AISLES OF TRASH CANS AND LITTER, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR CENTRAL PARK ...



AT 74TH STREET YOU EMERGE INTO SUNLIGHT AND FACE THE PARK. THERE ARE PEOPLE HERE, YOU KNOW, BUT THE CHANCE OF MEETING SOMEONE IS A MINIMAL RISK YOU HAVE TO TAKE. AND NOW YOU ARE ENTERING THE PARK AND BREATHING ALMOST NORMALLY AGAIN ...



YOU STAND ALONE BY THE LAKE UNDER THE WARM SUMMER SUN AND WAIT. YOU'RE RELAXED NOW, TRANQUIL EVEN ... THE SOUND OF THE FIRE ENGINES WILL COME SOON ENOUGH. YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES FOR A MOMENT AND THINK BACK TO WHERE IT ALL BEGAN ...



YOUR MARRIAGE WITH MARY WAS A TURMOIL FROM THE BEGINNING, WASN'T IT, JEFF? FROM THE DAY OF YOUR HASTY WEDDING, THROUGH HER LOSING THE CHILD, TO NOW, THE YEARS HAD FADED QUICKLY INTO A MUTUAL HATE ... A HATE YOU BOTH RARELY TRIED TO HIDE ...



AND THAT EVENING WHEN THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN AND LOUISE TAYLOR AND HER HUSBAND WALKED IN YOU SUDDENLY FELT SOMETHING YOU HADN'T FELT FOR YEARS ...

LOUISE, BERNIE ... IT'S BEEN AGES! YOU LOOK WONDERFUL!

EVENING BERNIE ... LOUISE ...

I TOLD YOU THREE WEEKS AGO THE TAYLOR'S WERE COMING OVER TONIGHT! NOW **GET UP** AND PUT ON A COAT AND TIE - DAMN! ... **THERE THEY ARE ...!**

LOUISE SUMMERS ... THE GIRL YOU LOVED FROM A DISTANCE THROUGH FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE ... THE GIRL YOU LONGED FOR, DREAMED ABOUT, AND NEVER HAD THE GUTS TO APPROACH. SO LOUISE HAD MARRIED BERNIE TAYLOR, EH?



HELLO, JEFF ... STILL THE HANDSOME BASKETBALL CAPTAIN I SEE ...

WAS IT YOUR IMAGINATION OR WAS SHE GAZING AT YOU ALL THROUGH DINNER THE SAME WAY YOU HAD GAZED AT HER YEARS BEFORE ... LONGING ... HUNGRY. WAS THERE SOMETHING IN THAT FINAL LOOK SHE GAVE YOU AT THE DOOR THAT CONVINCED YOU HERE WAS A WOMAN THAT WAS LONELY DESPITE HER MARRIAGE ... HERE WAS A WOMAN THAT WANTED MORE THAN HER MARRIAGE COULD GIVE HER ...

IS THAT WHY YOU FOUND YOURSELF AT HER FRONT DOOR THAT FOLLOWING MONDAY?



WHO IS IT? ... JEFF?

HELLO, LOUISE ...



JEFF ... I ...



WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE TODAY ... I ... I'M NOT DRESSED ...



I'M HERE ON A BET, LOUISE ... A BET THAT YOU WERE FEELING THE SAME THINGS LAST FRIDAY NIGHT THAT I WAS ... THAT YOU'VE WANTED ME AS LONG AS I'VE WANTED YOU ... IF IT ISN'T TRUE, TELL ME I'M CRAZY AND I'LL LEAVE ...

BUT WITH THE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF LOVE CAME THE COLD REALITY OF FACT; EVEN IF MARY GRANTED YOU A DIVORCE, AFTER PAYING ALIMONY YOU'D BE TOO BROKE TO MARRY LOUISE. AND WHAT ABOUT BERNIE?



DARLING, WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS ... YOU'RE SUPPOSE TO BE HOME WORKING ON A TELEVISION SCRIPT. MARY WILL BEGIN TO SUSPECT ...

I KNOW ... DAMN! THERE MUST BE A WAY ...!

SHE WAS IN YOUR ARMS THEN, PRESSING HER CURVACIOUS BODY TO YOURS, CRUSHING YOUR LIPS WITH HOT URGENT KISSES ... AND YOU KNEW, JEFF RICHARDS, THAT YOU HADN'T MADE A MISTAKE ...

LOUISE ...

DARLING ...



THERE **WAS** A WAY... A PLAN, THAT YOU BEGAN SLOWLY AT FIRST SO NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT... ARRANGING IT SO YOU AND MARY SAW MORE AND MORE OF THE TAYLORS. YOU WENT TO MOVIES TOGETHER, BOWLING, PLAYED CARDS, ANYTHING TO GET MARY AND BERNIE TOGETHER, AND WHEN EVER POSSIBLE, TO GET THEM ALONE...

THEN CAREFULLY, CAUTIOUSLY, YOU SENT BERNIE THE FIRST LETTER...

DEAR BERNARD,
JUST A NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH I ENJOYED MYSELF AT THE
PICNIC LAST WEEK. THANK YOU.

LOUISE

GREAT PICNIC!
WHERE DID JEFF
AND LOUISE GO?
PROBABLY OFF
NECKING IN
THE WOODS!

BERNIE!
SHAME
ON YOU!

THEY WERE PRETTY INNOCENT, THOSE FIRST LETTERS, BUT GRADUALLY THEY BECAME MORE AND MORE INTERESTING. MEANWHILE LOUISE WAS ADDING KINDLING TO THE FIRE WITH HER LETTERS TO MARY...

DEAREST MARY,
I KNOW THIS IS INSANE,
BUT I FIND MYSELF THINKING
ABOUT YOU EVERY DAY...

BERNIE

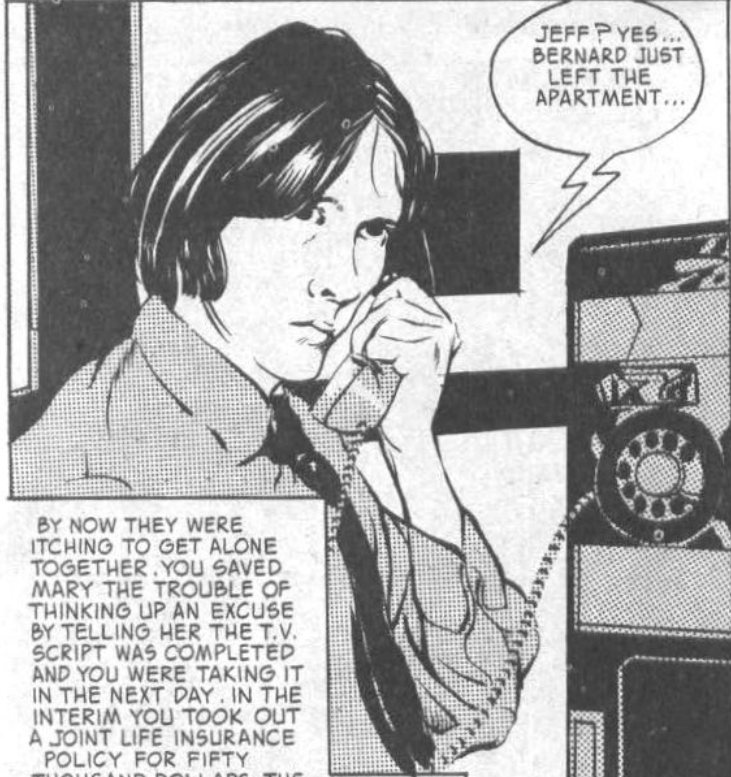
THEN THE FINAL TOUCH;
YOU BOUGHT THE STRING
OF LOVE BEADS AND SENT
THEM TO YOUR OWN
ADDRESS WITH THE NOTE
FROM "BERNIE" INSIDE...

WHAT WAS
IN THE PACKAGE,
DEAR?

HERE'S A PACKAGE
FOR YOU, MARY... NO
RETURN ADDRESS...

REALLY?

WHY... UH, SOME-
THING I ORDERED
FROM MACY'S... A
NECKLACE, LIKE IT?



JEFF? YES...
BERNARD JUST
LEFT THE
APARTMENT...

BY NOW THEY WERE
ITCHING TO GET ALONE
TOGETHER. YOU SAVED
MARY THE TROUBLE OF
THINKING UP AN EXCUSE
BY TELLING HER THE T.V.
SCRIPT WAS COMPLETED
AND YOU WERE TAKING IT
IN THE NEXT DAY. IN THE
INTERIM YOU TOOK OUT
A JOINT LIFE INSURANCE
POLICY FOR FIFTY
THOUSAND DOLLARS. THE
NEXT MORNING YOU LEFT
THE APARTMENT, WALKED TO
THE DRUG STORE PHONE BOOTH,
AND WAITED FOR LOUISE'S CALL...

YOU SAT DOWN IN THE CAFE NEXT DOOR AND HAD A CUP OF
COFFEE, WATCHING THE STREET OUTSIDE INTENSELY. AT LAST
HE CAME, HURRYING TOWARD YOUR APARTMENT BEFORE YOU
GOT BACK FROM THE STUDIO. A SMILE PLAYED ACROSS
YOUR MOUTH. YOU GAVE HIM TEN MINUTES THEN MADE
YOUR MOVE...



YOU RETURNED TO THE ELEVATOR, CONFIDENT THAT JAKE
WOULD BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT IN MINUTES, AND PRESSED THE BUT-
TON FOR THE 16TH FLOOR. THE CAR SLOWED TO A STOP AND
YOU WALKED TO THE FRONT DOOR OF YOUR APARTMENT. WITH-
IN CAME THE SOUND OF MUFFLED VOICES. YOU SLID THE KEY
INTO THE SLOT SLOWLY... AND THREW OPEN THE DOOR! THEY
WERE THERE ON THE SOFA AS YOU'D PLANNED...

YOU WALKED ACROSS THE STREET TO THE
LIQUOR STORE, PURCHASED THE BOTTLE OF VODKA
AND RETURNED TO THE APARTMENT BUILDING. YOU
PRESSED THE BUTTON ON THE ELEVATOR MARKED
BASEMENT AND DESCENDED BELOW THE STREET. OLD
JAKE THE JANITOR WAS THERE
AS USUAL. YOU GAVE HIM THE
BOTTLE...



CLICK!

JEFF!

THANKS
AGAIN, MR.
RICHARDS!

DON'T MENTION IT,
JAKE. CAN'T DRINK IT
MYSELF, ULCER YOU KNOW,
AND MY FATHER KEEPS
SENDING THEM. NO
SENSE IN WASTING
IT! S'LONG, JAKE...

BUT YOU DIDN'T GIVE THEM TIME TO EXPLAIN, YOU SEIZED THE HEAVY METAL WRENCH, PLACED CAREFULLY BESIDE THE DOOR, AND ADVANCED ON THE TERRIFIED LOVERS. THE COLD WEAPON FELT STRANGELY LIGHT IN YOUR HAND AS YOU RAISED IT ABOVE YOUR HEAD...

A FOOL... YOU? HE MUST BE JOKING. IT WAS MORE THAN OBVIOUS WHO THE FOOLS WERE.

YOU WATCHED BERNIE'S NOSE AND TEETH SPLATTER ACROSS THE ROOM AS YOU BROUGHT THE WRENCH DOWN ON HIS FACE...

OH GOD... HE'S GOING TO...

JEFF! DON'T BE A FOOL!



BERNIE PITCHED SIDeways, EYES OPEN WIDE IN DISBELIEF, AND FELL TO HIS HANDS AND KNEES. HE LOOKED UP AT YOU AS YOU RAISED THE WEAPON AGAIN, TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT HIS MOUTH WOULDN'T WORK. YOU SPLIT HIS SKULL...



MARY TRIED TO RUN BUT HER HEEL TWISTED ON THE RUG AND SHE SPRAWLED FORWARD HYSTERICALLY. YOU WOULD NEVER FORGET THE LOOK OF ABSOLUTE TERROR IN HER EYES...

SHE RAISED HER ARMS BUT THE WRENCH
KNOCKED HER HANDS AWAY, WRISTS SNAPPING
LIKE DRY TWIGS. YOU HIT HER IN THE BACK AND
SHE GRUNTED LIKE A PIG, HER FACE SMASHING
INTO THE CARPET WITH A STRANDED CRY ...

SHE ROSE UP ON HER KNEES,
TRYING TO SUPPORT HERSELF ON
HER MANGLED HANDS, HOLDING
THEM OUT TO YOU IN A SIGN OF
PITY, BEGGING YOU THROUGH
EYES GLAZED WITH FEAR
AND PAIN ...

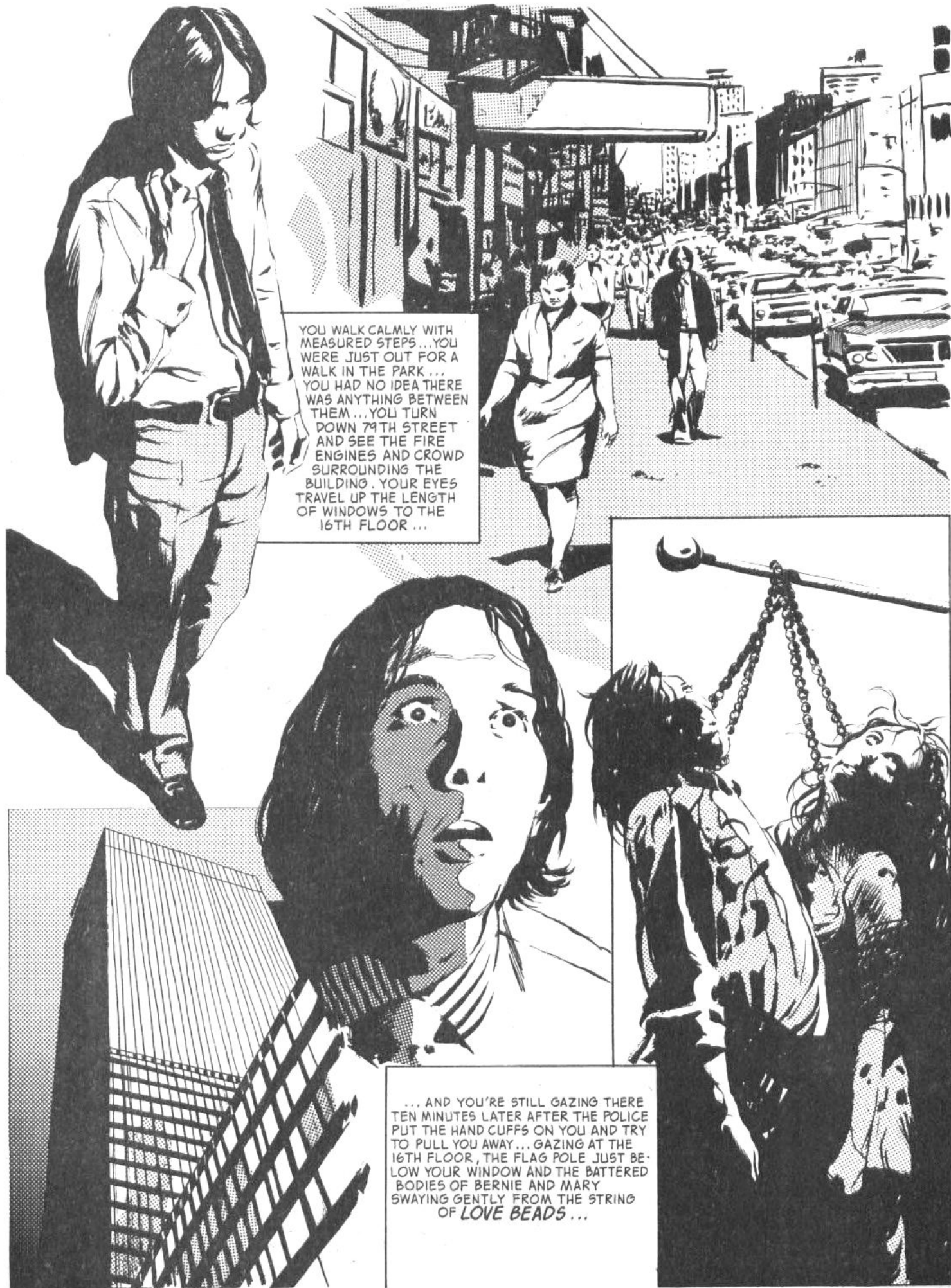


YOU MADE A RED SMEAR OF HER
MOUTH WITH THE CLUB, CRUSHING
BONE AND CARTILAGE. SHE MOANED
BENEATH YOUR HEAVING FIGURE,
THEN PUSHED UP AGAIN, SPITTING
BLOOD AND BILE, TRYING TO CRAWL
AWAY, LEAVING A CRIMSON TRAIL ON
THE RUMPLED CARPET ...



YOU FOLLOWED, BRINGING THE
WRENCH DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN
ON HER SHOULDERS, HER NECK, UN-
TIL YOUR ARM ACHED AND THE
ROOM WAS A RED BLUR AND SHE
WASN'T MOANING ANYMORE.
THE SCREAM OF THE FIRE ENGINES
BRINGS YOU OUT OF YOUR REVERIE.
THAT'S IT! YOUR LAST CUE. THE
PLAY IS ALMOST ENDED NOW ...





YOU WALK CALMLY WITH MEASURED STEPS ... YOU WERE JUST OUT FOR A WALK IN THE PARK ... YOU HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS ANYTHING BETWEEN THEM ... YOU TURN DOWN 79TH STREET AND SEE THE FIRE ENGINES AND CROWD SURROUNDING THE BUILDING. YOUR EYES TRAVEL UP THE LENGTH OF WINDOWS TO THE 16TH FLOOR ...

... AND YOU'RE STILL GAZING THERE TEN MINUTES LATER AFTER THE POLICE PUT THE HAND CUFFS ON YOU AND TRY TO PULL YOU AWAY ... GAZING AT THE 16TH FLOOR, THE FLAG POLE JUST BELOW YOUR WINDOW AND THE BATTERED BODIES OF BERNIE AND MARY SWAYING GENTLY FROM THE STRING OF LOVE BEADS ...

AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF DEATH!! DID YOU EVER WONDER WHAT OCCURS AT THE PRECISE MOMENT OF DEATH? WELL, DEAR FRIENDS — HERE'S A TALE OF A MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION. HE BELIEVED IN IT WITH SUCH FERVOR AND CONVICTION THAT HE DEVISED AN UNCANNY SCHEME TO PROVE IT TO THE SKEPTICS OF THE WORLD. IF HE WERE ABLE TO FORESEE THE EVENTUAL OUTCOME OF HIS MACABRE PLAN, I'M SURE HE WOULD HAVE DROPPED IT AS A DEAD ISSUE. YOU SEE, HIS PLANS DIDN'T INCLUDE ...

THE STING OF DEATH



I CHOSE THIS OLD ABANDONED GRAVE YARD FOR MY EXPERIMENTS BECAUSE IT OFFERS COMPLETE PRIVACY. AND, DEAR DOCTOR—WHAT BETTER LOCATION FOR DEALING WITH THE WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE?

WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE!
HUMBUG!!

AH, YOU **SCOFF** AGAIN, DOCTOR... YOU ARE MY SEVEREST CRITIC, AND THAT IS WHY YOU ARE HERE. WHAT IF I WERE TO TELL YOU THAT I INTEND TO **PROVE** TO YOU THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION!!



OTTO, NO ONE HAS EVER RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE TO CONFIRM OR DISPROVE IT... AND **NOBODY** EVER WILL!! YOUR THEORY IS BASED ON THE PREMISE THAT MAN HAS A SOUL.

I AM **NOT** SO ARROGANT AS TO BELIEVE THAT **ONLY** MAN HAS A SOUL. I BELIEVE THAT ANIMALS DO AS WELL!!



I'M A MAN OF SCIENCE, OTTO. IN MY OPINION, WHAT **YOU** PROPOSE IS **IRRATIONAL** AND FALLS IN THE REALM OF THE **OCCULT**!!

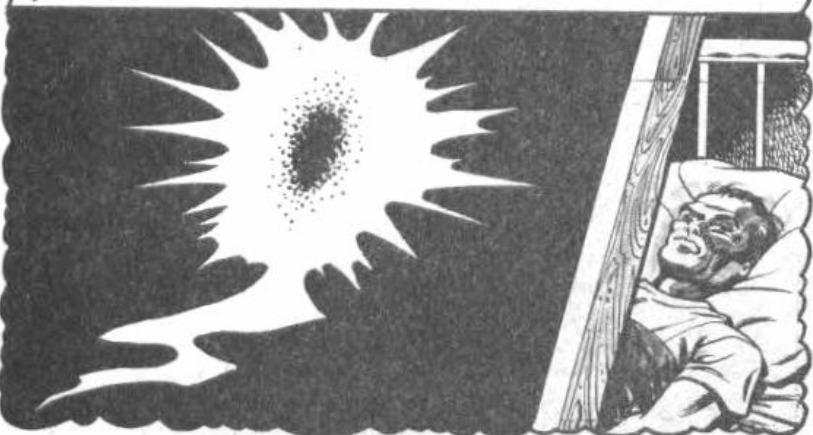


IT'S **YOUR** INTOLERANCE THAT FRIGHTENS ME, DOCTOR. — HOWEVER, I DIDN'T INVITE YOU HERE FOR A DEBATE. PLEASE LISTEN WHILE I EXPLAIN...

"DEATH IS THE INEVITABLE SEQUEL TO LIFE. IT HAS BEEN STUDIED BY SCIENTISTS FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. DR. LEONARD KILLE OF THE MANCHESTER HOSPITAL IN LONDON, DEVISED A VIEWING FILTER STAINED WITH A RARELY USED DYE WHICH HE USED TO STUDY THE HUMAN BODY AS IT APPROACHED THE MOMENT OF DEATH."



"HE VIEWED 236 PATIENTS AS THEIR BODIES SHOOK WITH THE TREMOR OF DEATH. IN EACH CASE, AT THE PRECISE MOMENT OF DEATH, A THIN LUMINESCENT MIST ROSE FROM THEIR BODIES, COALESCED AND SLOWLY FLOATED AWAY."



A VERY INTERESTING STORY, OTTO! HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO PROVE TO **ME** THAT THIS BALL OF LIGHT IS THE **SOUL** AND ALSO HOW IT PLAYS A PART IN YOUR THEORY?

STEP OVER HERE, DOCTOR! I THINK I **CAN** PROVE IT TO **YOU** IN THE ONLY WAY **YOU** COULD POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND!!





MY, BUT YOU SOUND
OMINOUS, OTTO!
YOU SURE HAVE A
FLARE FOR THE
DRAMATICS!

I'M GLAD
YOU THINK
SO, DOCTOR!



THAT'S A MIGHTY
IMPRESSIVE
CONTRAPTION!
WHAT IS ITS
FUNCTION?

IT'S
DESIGNED TO
TRAP
THE
HUMAN
SOUL!

YOU SEE, DOCTOR— THE SOUL IS PRIMARILY A
FORM OF ENERGY. ONCE IT'S TRAPPED WITHIN THE
CYLINDER, I CAN ACTIVATE AN ENERGY FORCE FIELD
SO POWERFUL THAT THE SOUL CAN'T ESCAPE!
IT'S NATURAL TENDENCY IS TO
SEARCH OUT A NEW LIFE
FORM TO ENTER...

...BUT WHILE IT'S CAPTIVE
IN THE CYLINDER, IT IS I AND
I ALONE WHO CONTROLS
IT'S REBIRTH!!!



IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE,
I'D LIKE TO SEE A
DEMONSTRATION... BUT
WHERE IN THE WORLD
WOULD YOU GET A
HUMAN SOUL TO USE
AS A VEHICLE?



DON'T BE NAIVE
DOCTOR... WE'LL USE
YOURS!!

WHA... NO!!!
YOU'RE MAD!!!
AIIIIIEEEEEEE!!

OTTO PLUNGES THE KNIFE
REPEATEDLY INTO THE TORTURED
BODY OF HIS VICTIM...

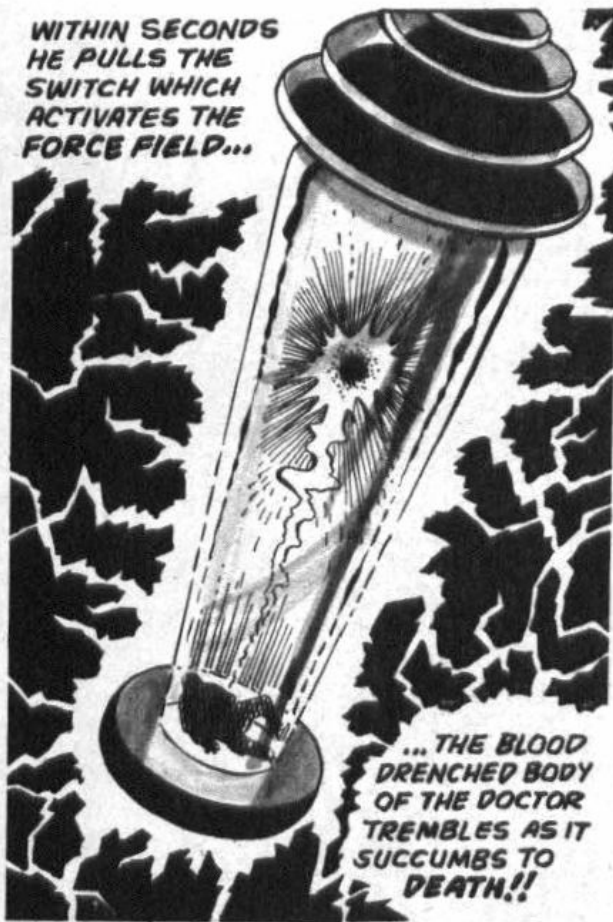
OH, MY GOD!
NO! NO!
ARGH!!



HASTILY HE THROWS THE
DYING MAN INTO THE
CAPSULE AND SLAMS
THE GLASS DOOR SHUT!



WITHIN SECONDS
HE PULLS THE
SWITCH WHICH
ACTIVATES THE
FORCE FIELD...



... THE BLOOD
DRENCHED BODY
OF THE DOCTOR
TREMBLES AS IT
SUCCUMBS TO
DEATH!!

IN A MANIACAL FRENZY HE PUSHES A
LEVER RELEASING THE BURNING ACID
THAT DESTROYS THE LIFELESS FORM
WITHIN THE CAPSULE.



ELATED BY THE SIGHT OF THE HUMAN SOUL TRAPPED
WITHIN THE CYLINDER...OTTO BEGINS TO DO A
VICTORIOUS JIG...



... ROUND AND ROUND HE GOES IN JOYOUS ABANDON;
SUDDENLY HIS CAPE ENTANGLES ITSELF WITH THE
SWITCH THAT DISENGAGES THE FORCE FIELD !!



THE SOUL SEEPS
THROUGH THE GLASS
ENCLOSURE.

UNSEEN BY ITS
CAPTOR —IT FLOATS
FREELY TO A DARK
CORNER OF THE
MAUSOLEUM AND
DISAPPEARS.

THE SOUL !! THE SOUL !!
IT'S GONE... GONE...
GONE...

WITH THE AWARENESS OF HIS
LOSS, OTTO'S ANGUISHED
SCREAMS PIERCE THE STILL
NIGHT... IT'S THE CRIES OF
A MAN GONE STARK RAVING
MAD!

IN THE THROWS OF HIS LUNACY
THE MAD MAN RIPS HIS CAPE
AND UPPER GARMENTS OFF
IN A FRENZY.

HE COLLAPSES TO HIS KNEES A
COMPLETELY DEJECTED IDIOT !!



SUPPENLY HIS BODY JERKS AND TWISTS IN AGONY AS HUGE
WELTS APPEAR, COVERING THE EXPOSED AREA OF HIS BODY !!



HIS LAST AGONIZING SCREAMS ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF TWO HOBOS TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE OLD ABANDONED CEMETARY...

THAT HORRIBLE SCREAM... IT CAME FROM THAT MAUSOLEUM!

SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE... LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



IT'S GHASTLY!!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED?

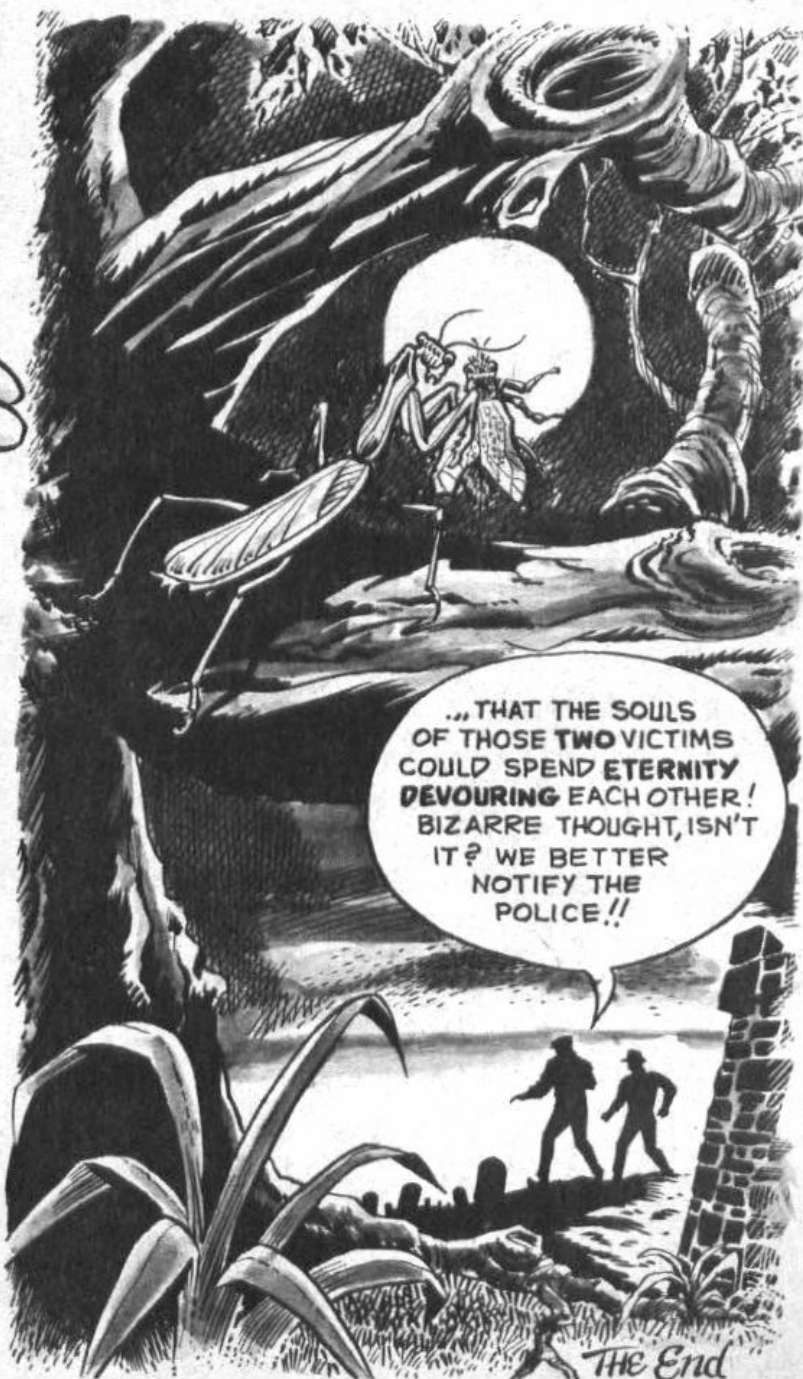
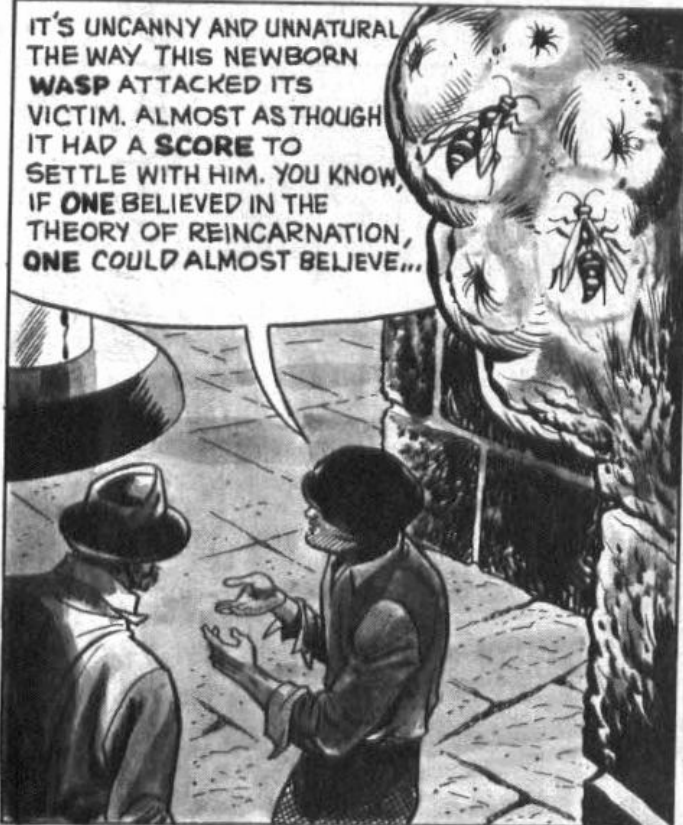
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE. WHATEVER WENT ON HERE IS CERTAINLY NOT OF THIS WORLD! SAY, WHAT'S THIS... NEXT TO HIS BODY...



IT'S A NEW-BORN POTTER WASP! A COMMON SPECIES IN THESE PARTS!



IT'S UNCANNY AND UNNATURAL THE WAY THIS NEWBORN WASP ATTACKED ITS VICTIM. ALMOST AS THOUGH IT HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM. YOU KNOW, IF ONE BELIEVED IN THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION, ONE COULD ALMOST BELIEVE...



...THAT THE SOULS OF THOSE TWO VICTIMS COULD SPEND ETERNITY DEVOURING EACH OTHER! BIZARRE THOUGHT, ISN'T IT? WE BETTER NOTIFY THE POLICE!!

The End

WELL THAT JUST ABOUT CAPES
AND COWLS IT FOR ANOTHER BULL
SESSION... HAW HAW... I MUST SAY I'M
PRETTY HAPPY WITH YOU TODAY SMITH...
THAT WAS SURE A GREAT SLOGAN
YOU TOSSED INTO THE HAT...

... HAW HAW... KEEP
IT UP SMITH AND OUR
SOFT DRINK CLIENT
JUST MIGHT SEND YOU
A CARTON OF COKE
FOR A BONUS...
GET IT? HAW HAW...

THE WEIRD AND THE UNDEAD!

WONDER WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE SLEEK,
SMOOTH-CUT LINES OF A TOP ADVERTISING
EXECUTIVE... WHAT *UNTOUCHABLE*, *UNNAMEABLE*
MEANDERINGS INTO THE *UNKNOWN* DOES HE
TAKE WHEN THE *MADISON AVENUE MIND*
TAKES A JAUNT INTO THE *UNIMAGINABLE*?
THEN *UNLEASH* THE CHAINS ON YOUR
IMAGINATION... FOR HERE COMES...



THE BEST
ADVERTISING IDEA IN
YEARS... THE *UNGINGER*
ADS... THEY'VE BECOME A
SLOGAN... A *HOUSEHOLD*
JOKE... AND YET NOBODY
KNOWS WHO *J. SMITH* IS...
BECAUSE HE'S ONLY A
'SALARIED EMPLOYEE!'



I ENJOY
LOOKING AT THESE
NIGHTMARE MAGAZI-
NES... THEY TAKE ME
OUT OF MYSELF!
LET'S SEE WHAT'S
IN THIS ISSUE...

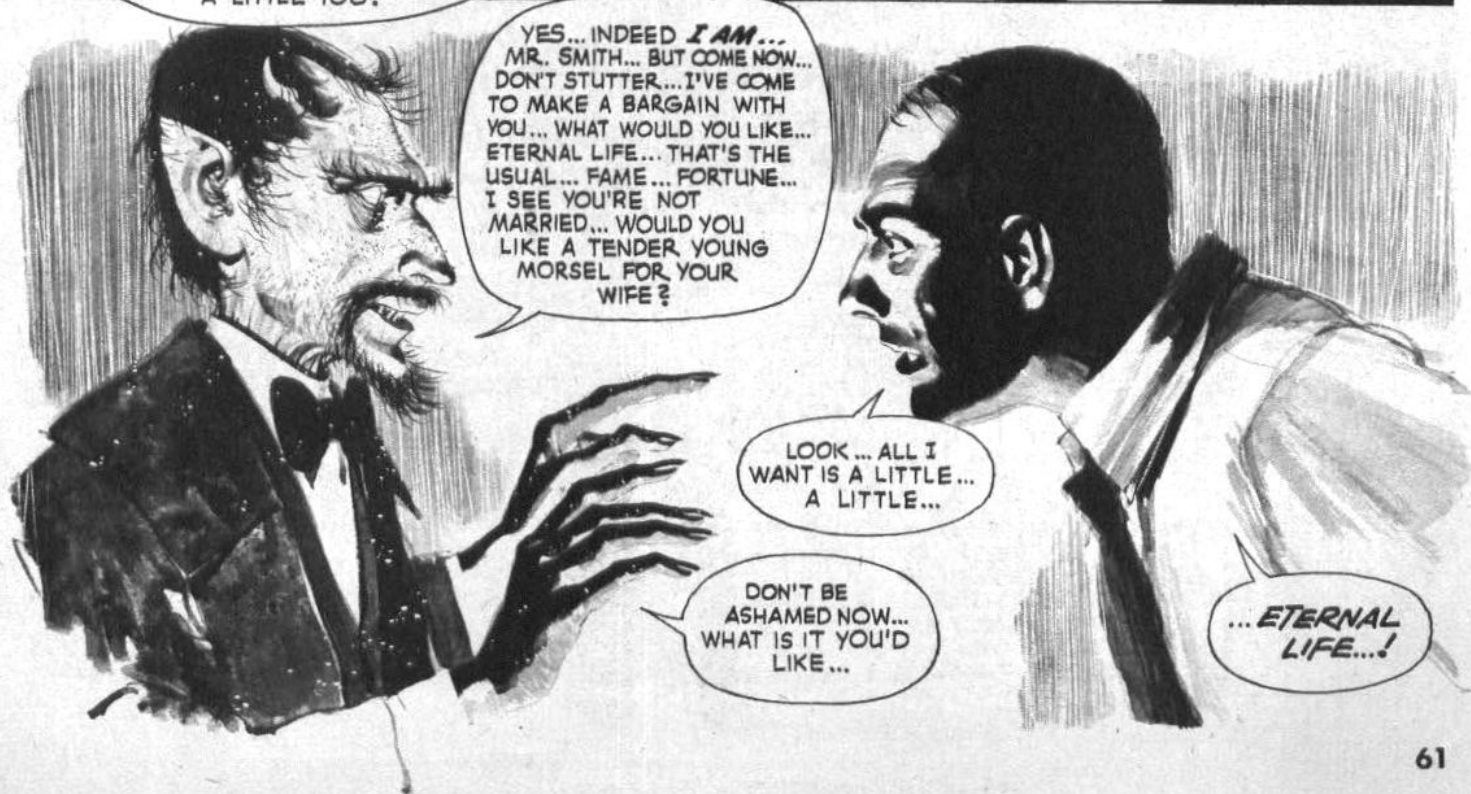


THE WAY THEY
TREAT IT...THE DEVIL
APPEARS AND CONFRONTS
THE GUY AND THAT'S
IT... THAT'S ALL THERE
IS TO IT... ALL A **MATTER**
OF FACT... AS IF IT
WAS AN EVERYDAY
OCCURENCE!



WELL IT **IS** AN EVERYDAY
OCCURENCE... FOR **ME** ANYWAY!
BESIDES, I MADE A DEAL WITH ONE
OF THE WRITERS OF THAT MAGAZINE...
HE GIVES ME A LITTLE PUBLICITY
AND I GIVE HIM... OH, WELL, PERHAPS
I'D BETTER NOT SAY... BUT LET'S
JUST SAY I SCRATCH HIS BACK
A LITTLE TOO!

GREAT EGG...
YOU'RE...YOU'RE...



YES... INDEED **I AM...**
MR. SMITH... BUT COME NOW...
DON'T STUTTER... I'VE COME
TO MAKE A BARGAIN WITH
YOU... WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE...
ETERNAL LIFE... THAT'S THE
USUAL... FAME... FORTUNE...
I SEE YOU'RE NOT
MARRIED... WOULD YOU
LIKE A TENDER YOUNG
MORSEL FOR YOUR
WIFE?

LOOK... ALL I
WANT IS A LITTLE...
A LITTLE...

DON'T BE
ASHAMED NOW...
WHAT IS IT YOU'D
LIKE...

...**ETERNAL**
LIFE...!



OH NOT AGAIN...
I FIGURED YOU'D HAVE
A BIT MORE **IMAGINATION**
AS AN ADVERTISING AND
IDEA MAN!

NEVER MIND
ALL THAT... I HAVE
MY REASONS! NOW
CAN YOU DO IT?
IS IT A DEAL?



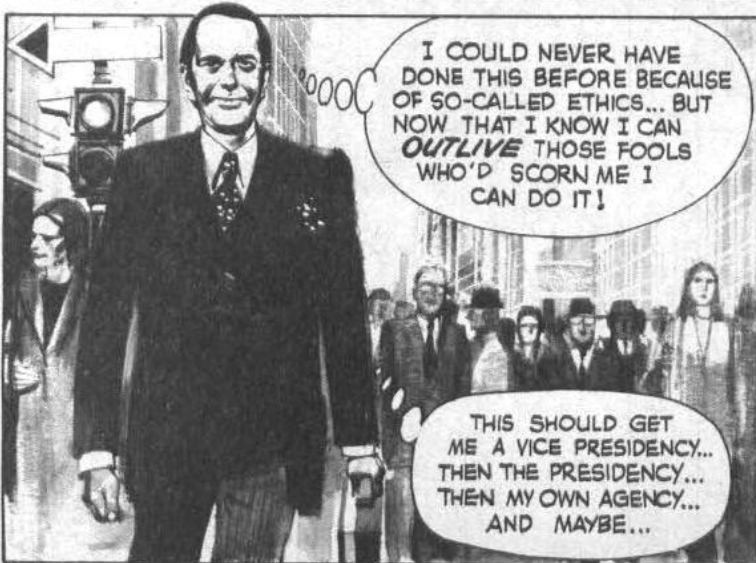
IT *IS* A BARGAIN
THEN MR. SMITH... AND
I'M SURE YOU KNOW
WELL WHAT I WANT IN
RETURN! BE SEEING
YOU SMITH... AT THE
END OF FOREVER...
THERE *IS* AN END
TO INFINITY YOU
KNOW!

GREAT!
RIGHT ON! I'M
ALL YOURS... *THEN*...
BUT FOR THE
PRESENT... I HAVE
PLANS...



THESE PLANS ARE ALL THE
TRICKS WE THOUGHT OF AT THE
AGENCY THAT THE RIVAL SOFT
DRINK ADVERTISERS COULD
USE!... BUT NOW THAT **HONOR**
ISN'T IMPORTANT TO ME I'LL
GO OVER TO THEM **MYSELF**
AND BEAT **OUR** AGENCY
TO THE PUNCH...

IT WOULD APPEAR OUR
MR. J. SMITH DOES HAVE
PLANS! THIS BARGAIN
HE'S MADE SEEMS TO
HAVE GIVEN HIM NEW-
FOUND CONFIDENCE
IN HIMSELF...



I COULD NEVER HAVE
DONE THIS BEFORE BECAUSE
OF SO-CALLED ETHICS... BUT
NOW THAT I KNOW I CAN
OUTLIVE THOSE FOOLS
WHO'D SCORN ME I
CAN DO IT!

THIS SHOULD GET
ME A VICE PRESIDENCY...
THEN THE PRESIDENCY...
THEN MY OWN AGENCY...
AND MAYBE...



WHAT THE... WHAT'S
HAPPENING... PEOPLE
GASPING FOR AIR...
FALLING ABOUT
UNCONSCIOUS AROUND ME
...WHAT CAN BE
HAPPENING?



THEY'RE *CHOKING*...
THEY CAN'T BREATHE!

WHAT'S THAT... SMELL...
SOME SORT OF *NOXIOUS*
GAS FILTERING... UP THE
GRATINGS IN THE SIDE-
WALK... WHERE CAN IT
BE COMING FROM?



DEAD... THEY'RE
ALL... *DEAD*! AND IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR MY
BARGAIN... I'D BE *DEAD*
TOO! BUT I'D BETTER
GET OUT OF HERE... WHEN
THE POLICE AND
AMBULANCES COME
THEY'LL QUESTION ME...
AND *ONE* THING I
DON'T NEED NOW IS
BAD *PUBLICITY*!



STRANGE *FLOODS*
AND *TIDAL WAVES* ON EVERY
COASTLINE IN THE *WORLD*... MAD
EARTHQUAKES... *BILLIONS* ARE
DYING... WHAT CAN BE HAPPENING...
WHY... ALL AT *ONCE*?



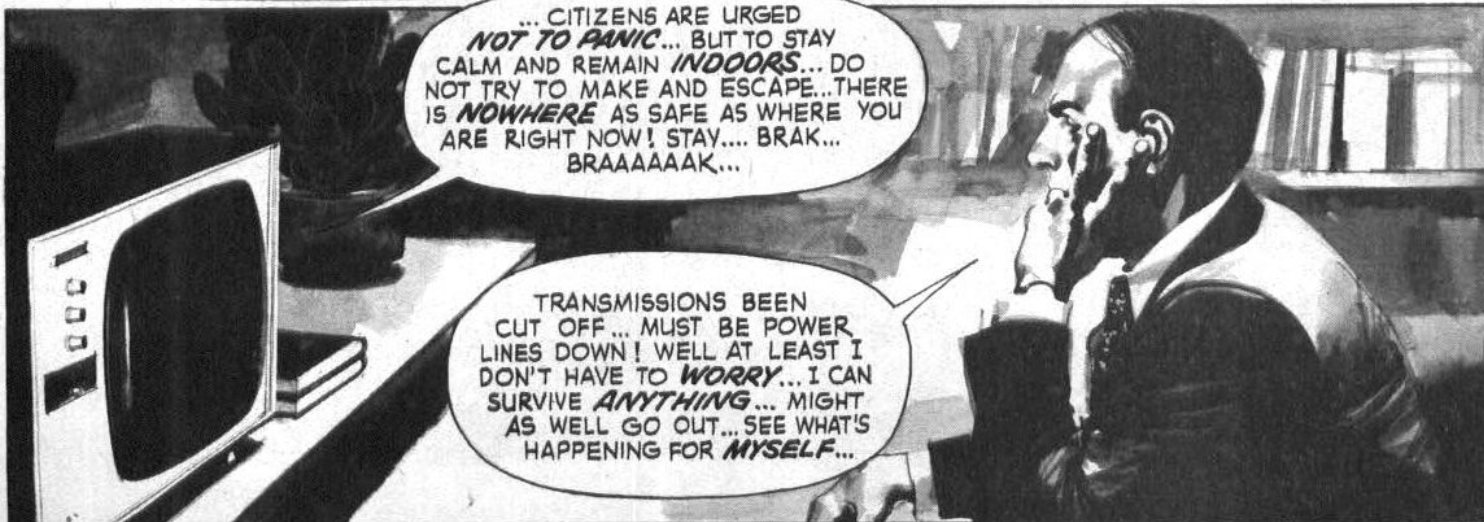
AND SO IN EVERY CORNER
OF THE WORLD IS MASS *PANIC*!
IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT IN
THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
OVER ONE *THIRD* OF THE
WORLD'S POPULATION HAS
BEEN GROTESQUELY
SLAUGHTERED BY SOME
FREAK OF NATURE. IT SEEMS
AS IF EARTH IS BEING
RIPPED APART!

BAD
PUBLICITY...
RATHER AN
UNPROPHETIC
STATEMENT FOR
SMITH TO MAKE...
BECAUSE IT
SEEMS THAT
SO *MANY*
WEIRD AND
UNEXPLAINABLE
THINGS
HAVE BEEN
GOING ON IN
THE WORLD
THIS DAY... AND
IT'S RATHER
DOUBTFUL IF
ANY *UN* WOULD
PAY THE LEAST
ATTENTION TO
A MAN CALLED
SMITH...

ON THE LOCAL FRONT TODAY...
ESTIMATED *MILLIONS* DIED IN
MANHATTAN ALONE AS NOXIOUS
GASSES FILTERED THROUGH AIR
VENTS IN THE STREETS! SCIENTISTS
GUESS THAT THESE GASSES
ORIGINATED SOMEWHERE UNDER
THE EARTH AND THAT A GREAT
FISSURE OPENED UP LETTING
OUT THE FUMES!




I'M NO MAD POWER
FANATIC... BUT DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT THIS *MEANS* SMITH OLD
BOY... IT MEANS THAT WHEN THE
CATASTROPHES *CEASE* YOU'LL
BE ON TOP OF THE *WORLD*!
NOTHING CAN STOP ME...
I'LL BE ON TOP OF
EVERYTHING IN THE CHAOS!



... CITIZENS ARE URGED
NOT TO PANIC... BUT TO STAY
CALM AND REMAIN *INDOORS*... DO
NOT TRY TO MAKE AND ESCAPE... THERE
IS *NOWHERE* AS SAFE AS WHERE YOU
ARE RIGHT NOW! STAY... BRAK...
BRAAAAAAK...


TRANSMISSIONS BEEN
CUT OFF... MUST BE POWER
LINES DOWN! WELL AT LEAST I
DON'T HAVE TO *WORRY*... I CAN
SURVIVE *ANYTHING*... MIGHT
AS WELL GO OUT... SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENING FOR *MYSELF*...



ALL AROUND ME... THE STENCH
AND DECAY OF *DEATH*... ALL THESE
BODIES HAVE BEEN DEAD ONLY
HOURS... AND YET THE *SMELL*
IS ALMOST INCREDIBLE!


UGH... WATER... UP TO
MY KNEES... WONDER WHERE...
WAIT A MINUTE... THIS
WATER ISN'T STAGNANT...
IT'S *MOVING*...

AND THE WORD FOR THAT IS... YOU GUESSED IT... *UNCANNY*!
POOR SMITH... YOU CAN ALMOST *SEE* THE LOOK OF HORROR
COME OVER HIS FACE AS HE REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENING...
FOR IT LOOKS AS IF HIS *UNDETERMINABLE* LIFE SPAN MAY
BE SPENT ALONE... ALL THAT HAS OCCURRED CANNOT BE...
UNDONE...




WE'RE SINKING...
NO... THE BUILDINGS
AREN'T CRUMBLING IN
THEIR FOUNDATIONS...
WE'RE *NOT SINKING*...

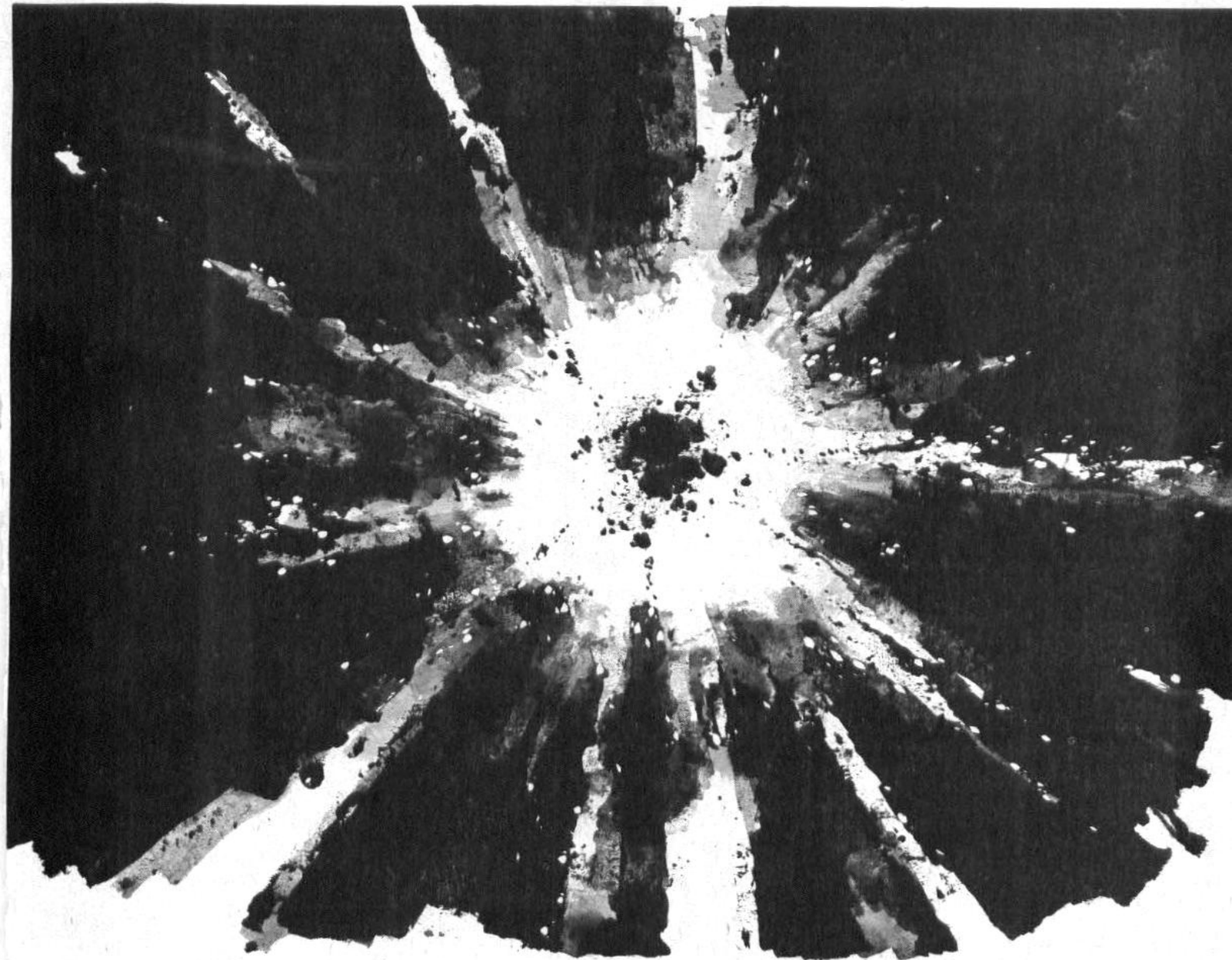
THE *WATER'S*
RISING... THE *EARTH*
IS *DROWNING*!



THAT'S
THE TOP OF THE
EMPIRE STATE...
THE *TALLEST*
BUILDING ON EARTH...
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT...
NOTHING LEFT AT ALL...
EVERYBODY IS
DEAD... I'M *ALONE*...
ON A *FLOATING*
DEAD PLANET...

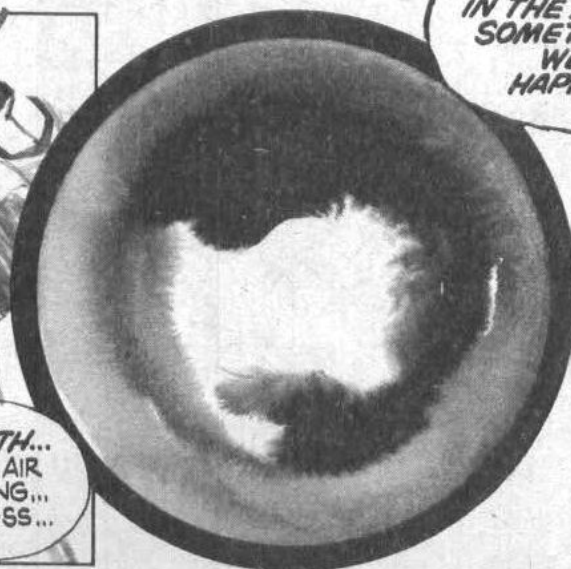


THIS IS NO ORDINARY
FLOOD... EARTH DOESN'T
EVEN *HAVE* THIS MUCH WATER...
WHERE'S IT *COMING FROM*...
SPACE OR SOMETHING? WE'RE
ALREADY AT THE TOPS OF
BUILDINGS, BEFORE LONG...
THERE'LL BE *NO LAND*
LEFT!



A FLOATING DEAD PLANET YOU SAY MR. SMITH? NAY... FOR AS YOU NOW KNOW... MOTHER EARTH IS NOW A FLOATING DEAD **NOTHING**... AND AS FRAGMENTS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A GREEN PASTURE BLAST THEIR WAY INTO THE FAR REACHING ENTITIES OF NOTHINGNESS THERE IS A CONSOLATION IN MASTER SATAN'S WORDS TO YOU... REMEMBER THEM?... 'THERE **IS** AN END TO INFINITY MR. SMITH'... AND WE GUARANTEE YOU... ERE LONG YOU'LL BE **PRAYING** FOR THAT END...





IT'S ALWAYS WEIRD...
WORLDS-WITHIN-WORLDS...
CHAIN EXPLODING LIKE SO
MANY BULLETS IN A
FIRE! BUT WE'RE SAFE...
SOME TIME YET 'TILL
THE CHAIN CATCHES
UP TO US AT THE END
OF INFINITY... OR IS IT
UNINFINITY?

